MEMOIRS

OF

HARRIETTE WILSON.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

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WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

"'Tis from high life, high characters are drawn."

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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HARRIETTE WILSON'S

MEMOIRS

OF HERSELF AND OTHERS.

THE next day, I dined with Julia, Fanny was of the party. Julia was raving about Sir Henry Mildmay, by whom she professed to be pregnant. The shy Julia gloried in this faux pas.

What mortal could have resisted such an angel! exclaimed Julia.

And Cotton? added I.

By your advice, replied Julia, I have refused to receive him, but as a friend.

Certainly, said I; I do think it wicked to put ourselves in the way of increasing a large family of children, only to starve them. You are the mother of six already, which is five more than your slender fortune can support.

I shall have seven thousand a year, at the death of my brother, who is in a decline, said Julia, whose eyes were very red, as though she had been weeping.

To my enquiry, what was the matter?

Fanny answered, that the foolish creature had done nothing but shed tears from morning till night.

If I could only once more have Mildmay in my arms, said Julia, I should have lived long enough.

And who is to protect Mildmay's child? I asked.

I would rather die than apply to him for money, answered Julia; but my poor child will never see the light, and she

burst into tears, unless I see its beautiful father once more.

Will once do ? I asked.

I would be patient and resigned, if I could kiss his heavenly eyes once more.

Et puis ? said Fanny.

Sans doute ! ça va, sans dire, added Julia.

Pas toujours, I remarked, however, giving my hand to Julia, there is my hand on it, it shall be done, ma'am, and before this week is out, we pledge to you, our royal word !

Strange to say, this promise satisfied Julia, who immediately dried up her tears.

After dinner, a young member of Parliament, of immense fortune, brought his carriage for Fanny. He was a Hampshire gentleman, of the name of Napier, who had been lately very attentive to her: but Fanny did not like him. He was a

long-backed youth, with very fine eyes, and that was all: a sort of home-bred young man, not ungentlemanlike, but wanting tact and spirit.

Soon after his arrival, Fanny took me out of the room, and asked me how I liked him?

Oh! not in the least, I answered.

I wish, said Fanny, he would attach himself to poor Julia: her children, and her debts, and her natural turn for extravagance, will send her to a prison, unless a rich man like this, would take her under his protection. Now, as I am determined not to have him myself, I have left them together, that he may draw her into conversation, and find out the truth of her being one of the most elegant women in England.

You are very good, said I, laughing.

What else can be done? Fanny asked. If Julia goes to prison, she will, imme-

diately, destroy herself; and how easily this Napier, who has more than twenty thousand a year, could assist her, and pay off all her debts, seeing that he lives on three thousand, and possesses, in hard cash at his banker's, more than a hundred thousand pounds.

Oh! the vile, stingy monster! said I, where did he spring from?

From Oxford College, answered Fanny; but his estates are in Ireland.

When we returned to the drawing-room, Napier did seem to have fallen in love with her conversation. However, he soon placed himself by Fanny's side, to make as much love as usual. This is very poor sort of amusement for me, ladies, said I, so I shall wish you all a very good night.

Fanny declared that she would acco pany me.

Napier called her a coquette, and a false deceiver, reminding her of her promise to allow him to see her home.

Cannot help it, answered Fanny, kissing her hand to him, and hurrying down stairs.

Napier offered me his arm, to follow, and Julia held up her finger, significantly, to me, saying, remember.

Oui, oui, was my reply; and, after Napier had handed us into my carriage, we requested him to return aud chat with Julia. A niece of Lord Carysfort, added I, daughter to a maid of honour, the Honourable Mrs. Storer, and the most graceful creature breathing.

Why, said Fanny, bursting out into a loud laugh, Harriette, that madman with his placard, and his challenge to all the world, about Bayley's blacking, in Piccadilly, is a fool to you.

Never mind, I answered, so that we

can but get her off, and save her from a prison.

Before the carriage drove from the door, we had the satisfaction of seeing Napier return to Julia——————et puis——————et puis——————et puis——————but I will tell what happened some other time.

On our way home, Fanny told me how irregularly her allowance from the late Mr. Woodcock, was paid, and that her boy George's school-master had been dunning her for money, due to him, which she could not pay.

How good you are, then, said I, to make over your rich conquest to Julia.

There is no goodness in that, answered Fanny, whose heart was so very warm, that she was always afraid of incurring ridicule from the extreme of a good thing; for if Julia had never been born, I am sure I could not have endured that long-backed, amorous-looking Napier; besides

every one must pity poor Julia, deserted as she is!

But then this stupid Mildmay, whose character was so well known to her! what had she to expect from him, who has never, in his life, been suspected of constancy, for a single week!

And yet, said Fanny, I really, myself, believed he loved Julia. You have no idea how attentive he has been to her, during your last illness, from which, thank God you are happily recovering, added Fanny. I have not seen you look so like yourself, for the last twelve months.

I am better, answered I, and yet, life is dull without affection, and all my bright illusions are destroyed for ever; but I have most pleasure now, when I can make myself a little useful; so you must let me take George off your hands. I am richer than you are, I will, therefore, pay his

schoolmaster, and you must send him to me, to-morrow. When his holidays are expired, I will, myself, take him back to school. Fanny said I was very good, and I answered, fiddlestick! as I sate her down at her own house.

My mind was now a complete blank. My imagination was exhausted; my castle had fallen to the ground, and I never expected to rebuild it; for even my cool judgment told me that Ponsonbys were not often to be met with.

I had no fancy for going down hill, so I bought a great many books, and determined to make them my object. I lived very retired, and when I did go out, or admit company, it was more because I was teazed into it, than from any pleasure I found in society.

Little George Woodcock came to me the next morning, and, before the week

was out, he had broke open my jewel-box, stolen my money, kissed my house-maid, and half-killed my footman. I looked forward, with much anxiety, to the period for taking him back to school. His schoolmaster was an old Frenchman, who lived at Layton-stone. Julia's three sons, and my nephew, had boarded with him four years.

Mastaire Johnstones know very vell, said the old Frenchman, when, at the beginning of the holidays, he had called on Fanny to make his compliments of her son and heir, de young Mastaire Johnstones know very well, dat I always tell de boys dat dey must larne; but for Mastaire Woodcock, it is di boy of my school !! Some time I lose him for six, seven hours, and, at last, I find him at de tip top of von apple-tree! Den as for boxing, he is box! box! two, tree, six time in a day. I believe very soon, he will box me!

Fanny promised to give him good advice, and the old French school-master took his leave, after declaring that if young Woodcock continued to be de boy of his school, for the next quarter, he must be under the necessity, to turn him out of it.

Luttrell, called on me the following day, and was greatly amused with the engagement, which I told him I had entered into, with Julia. He informed me that Fred Lamb was arrived from the court of somewhere, I think Sicily, and had expressed a very strong desire, to be allowed to visit me.

Tell him, said I, that I am worn out, and tired of the world, and good for nothing.

Luttrell, being our father-confessor general, to whom, we all related every thing, I asked him, if he knew how Napier's tête-à-tête with Julia went off.

Oh, I have just left the enemy, answered Luttrell, alluding to Amy, who told me that Napier had made a violent attack on the virtue of Lord Carysfort's niece, in consequence of my flourishing panegyric, which had only served to prove her adamant to all, but Sir Henry Mildmay.

Apropos, of that gay baronet, said I, opening my writing desk, such virtue as you describe in this fair daughter of a maid of honour, must not go unrewarded; and I wrote a polite note to Mildmay, desiring him to call upon me in the evening.

Soon after Luttrell had taken his leave old Smith, the haberdasher, was announced, with more returned bills.

Angels defend us! said I, what am I to say to him this time? I looked in the glass, settled my head dress, as becomingly as possible, and trusted to my

charms, and soft speeches for subduing his anger, as usual.

As I entered, I caught a full view of my friend Smith, in the glass; he was pacing the room, with sturdy firmness, as though preparing himself for a desperate attack. His brow was knit, and, in his hand, he held the fatal black pocket-book, which I had no doubt contained my bills, six or seven times, returned on his hands. Avec tout mon savoir faire, je craignais de ratter le procureur, as Laura says, in Gil Blas; I therefore returned to my bed-room, unseen, and desired my faithful house-keeper, Mrs. Kennedy, to declare that her mistress had been seized with a fit, on her way down stairs, and that, during the last attack of this sort, with which she had been afflicted, she had actually bitten her nurse's thumb clean off.

Will you like to step up, and see her? added Kennedy.

No, no, I thank you, answered Smith, putting on a pair, of his thickest beaver gloves, as though to defend his thumbs. Some other time if you please.

My compliments; and he was hurrying away.

You will oblige me by stepping up stairs, said Kennedy, as I really am frightened out of my wits; and Miss Wilson requires, at least, three persons, to hold her, when in these fits, and our William is just gone out with a letter to Sir Henry Mildmay's.

Very sorry to hear it, replied Smith, running down stairs. I regret that I have such a particular engagement, that I cannot stay another instant, and he immediately gained the street-door, which he took care to fasten

safely, as soon as he was on, what he now conceived, the right side of it.

In the evening, Mildmay, arrived at the hour I had appointed, believing no doubt, that the poor tender soul, Harriette Wilson, would not survive his neglect. He was proceeding, in a very summary way, to practical love-making—

Attendez, un instant, mon ange! said I. I am Julia's friend; besides, I have no opinion of you.

In what way?

In the way you wish to shine! I believe you to be cold, and I hate cold men.

Try me, answered Mildmay.

Je ne demande pas mieux. Give me the proof, I am going to ask, of your real, genuine ardour, and I shall hereafter look up to you as something superior to the rest of mankind.

Explain! said Sir Henry.

Well then, there is Julia, of whom I know, you are completely tired. Only enable her to praise you to me, to-morrow evening, and I think, I shall not be able to resist you.

Will you promise? Mildmay asked.

What is the use of a promise, to such a beautiful creature as you, who know yourself to be irresistible.

Mildmay looked pleased. I made him sing to me; and, I must really have been very deficient in good taste, if I had not expressed my admiration of the sweetness of his voice, and expression. When I had completely flattered and praised him into excellent temper, I made him promise to visit Julia, by two the next day.

Shall I find you there? Mildmay enquired, and will you give me a kiss? otherwise, upon my honour, with the best possible intention to distinguish myself, I am afraid.

Perhaps, said I, you may find me with her; but, at all events, recollect that you did like poor Julia, and that I never, to the day of my death, will forgive you or speak to you, if you do not fulfil your promise to-morrow morning.

You treat me very ill, said Mildmay, and yet, I suppose, you must be obliged. Only mind you must promise me there shall not be a scene between Julia and me. I cannot stand scenes, remember!

I was in hopes there would be act the fourth, retorted I; but, seriously, what do you understand by a scene?

Reproaches and hystericks, and all that sort of thing, answered Mildmay. Do tell Julia it will be of no use, but to spoil the moment, there is a dear creature.

Poor Julia! I retorted. Only recollect her situation, and pray, if you ever wish me to admire, or like you, do not be so very unfeeling.

Yes, I have heard all, and a pretty piece of business it is altogether, said Mildmay, evidently much annoyed by it!

I refused to part with him, till he had most faithfully promised, punctually at two the next morning. As soon as he was gone I dispatched the following note:

Dear Julia,

Sir H. Mildmay has, this morning, given me his word and honor, on pain of my everlasting displeasure, that he will attend your moderate commands, to-morrow, exactly at two o'clock, on condition that you do not give him a scene. Make my excuses to him for not joining you both. I dislike to be second fiddle of all things.

God bless you.

The next day, the one fixed on, by

Colonel Berkeley, for our trip to Richmond, Sophia and the Colonel called for me, at twelve o'clock, accompanied by that young savage, Augustus Berkeley, who appeared to be perfectly well-behaved, in the presence of his brother, quite mild and humbled.

Sophia said, it was a charming day.

The atmosphere, I observed, is heavy I think, and unhealthy.

Oh, quite shocking, Sophia immediately replied, I am absolutely ill with it already.

We drove down to Richmond, as fast as four high bred horses could carry us, and Colonel Berkeley, having ordered a dinner, as much too ostentatiously extravagant, as Deerhurst's rural fête had been too scanty, proposed our rowing down the river, for half an hour, while it was getting ready.

Augustus, at the word of command,

took off his coat and waistcoast, and began rowing, while Berkeley was all attention to us.

How delicious this is, said the Colonel.

I never saw any thing so beautiful, echoed Sophia.

I remarked that I was a little giddy.

So am I, said Sophia, very giddy indeed.

In less than an hour, I mentioned that the air of the river, had given me an appetite, and Sophia, of course, had never been so hungry, in all her life!

Colonel Berkeley, on landing, astonished the two boat-men, by throwing them a five-pound note! The inn-keeper entertained us in his best and most magnificent style. We conversed a great deal, for Colonel Berkeley can talk, which is not always the case, nor considered at all a necessary accomplishment in gentlemen of the present day. There are, in fact,

various kinds of gentlemen: A man is a gentleman, according to Berkeley Craven's definition of the word, who has no visible means of gaining his livelihood; others have called Lord Deerhurst, and Lord Barrymore, and Lord Stair, gentlemen; because they are Lords; and the system, at White's Club, the members of which are all choice gentlemen of course, is, and ever has been, never to black-ball any man, who ties a good knot in his handkerchief, keeps his hands out of his breeches-pockets, and says nothing. For my part, I confess I like a man who can talk, and contribute to the amusement of whatever society he may be placed in; and that is the reason I am always glad to find myself in the company of Lord Hertford, notwithstanding he is so often black-balled at White's.

Colonel Berkeley and I conversed on many subjects; but there was one, which was a favourite with us both—plays.

Berkeley was mad for acting Shakspeare's plays, I for reading them. We were both lost, in wonder, as to how the poet, or any one man, breathing, could have acquired such a perfect knowledge of human nature, in every class of society, in every gradation, from Kings downwards. I however pointed out one exception, remarking that I did not conceive, from the little I had seen or heard of Jews, that Shylock was at all a natural character, or accurately drawn. I never in my life, I continued, remember having heard of a Jew being hanged for murder! The Mosaic laws are less pure than ours; but they are more strictly followed. The most malicious Jew dares not shed blood, his strong fear of God prevents it; and that fear is religion. In short, such, I have heard, is the superstitious fear a Jew entertains of shedding blood, that, even if he had made his mind up to take the life of

a Christian, it would yet be accomplished, without a drop of blood being spilt. I cannot, with my very confined knowledge of these things, venture to say, that Jews have not been occasionally executed for murder; but I can almost venture to assert that blood-shedding is far from the characteristic vice of a Jew; and, therefore, is Shylock unnaturally drawn.

Recollect, returned Colonel Berkeley, that Shylock is a Venetian Jew.

I went on,—and shall we attribute to these poor wanderers the peculiar crimes of every nation, which may happen to give them birth, adding these, to all the characteristic vices of their tribe? If the mere climate made a Venetian of Shylock, why does Shakspeare point at him as an usurer? If climate and example have no effect to make the Hebrew waver in his faith, is it charitable to suppose them more potent, in tending to deaden

the fear and horror of bloodshed, in the mind of a poor Jew?

Bravo! said Colonel Berkeley, very ingeniously argued. There's a cunning Israelite at the bottom of all this, who has won your heart.

Sophia, for once in her life, ventured to be of a different opinion from her company, remarking that she was sure her sister Harriette, could not love any of those nasty men, with long dirty beards, and dirty old clothes on their backs.

I thank heaven, said I, that I love no man; Jew, Christian, or Turk.

Why, defend those nasty fellows then? asked Augustus.

Did you ever know any good, of one of them? said the colonel.

A Jew, named Town, answered I, a painter, who keeps a shop in Bond-street, went down to Newcastle, about five years ago, to sketch views in that

county. One morning he observed a lad driving his cattle, along a field, and whose countenance particularly struck him. His was a true Roman head. The boy was about twelve years of age. The Jew called to him, and asked him if he would stand still while he took his picture. The youth consented with much good-nature; but, after having stood stock still, for a quarter of an hour, he declared, that he could not bear it any longer. Mr. Town asked him many questions, and, being much surprised with the boy's sensible replies, inquired if he would like to go up to London with him? The lad hesitated.

You will not trust yourself with me then? said the Jew. I would go any where with you, Sir; but my poor father and mother are so old. The Jew requested to be made known to them, and was conducted to a wretched hovel, where the

ancient pair resided. They immediately consented to place their child under the Jew-protector, and, the next morning, the Israelite and his young protegé were on their road to London. On their arrival, the Jew clothed the boy handsomely, and instructed him in the first rudiments of his art. Before the child had received a dozen lessons, Mr. Town foretold that he would excel as a painter: he, therefore, bound him apprentice for seven years, to himself, and stipulated to allow him ten shillings a week pocket-money, for the first two years, and then to go on doubling that sum, every second year, to the end of his apprenticeship. The progress the youth made, astonished the Jew. The child excelled, most particularly, in landscape-painting. Bred in the country, he had attentively observed the effect of lightning on trees and cattle. His gratitude to his kind benefactor, knew no bounds, and his industry was indefatigable. Mr. Town,

fearing lest, from inexperience, the poor lad might be led astray, or fall into bad company, instead of sending him to school, engaged masters in the house, to instruct him in reading and writing. His progress in these was almost equal to that he had made in drawing. He became the delight and comfort of Mr. Town's aged father, on whom he was never tired of attending, he would read to him, for hours together, and be grateful for the task.

One day the Jew sent his protegé into the country, to take a sketch of some willow trees, and was surprised to see him return in tears. What is the matter, my poor fellow? said the Jew. That brook, near which I have been sitting to sketch these trees, Sir, reminded me so much of one, near my poor mother's hut, answered the lad. You shall go down to Newcastle, and pay a visit to your parents, said the benevolent Jew, and it

shall not cost you one shilling, so prepare yourself to depart, by the coach, next week. The boy shed tears of gratitude.

On the day previous to his departure for Newcastle, he said, he wished to ask a favour of his kind master's only sister: but feared it might be deemed impertinent. Being encouraged to proceed—Why Sir, said the lad, your great goodness has left me nothing to desire, since the first instant I entered your house; therefore, out of the allowance of pocket-money you have made me, I have saved up eleven pounds, which I hope your sister will condescend to lay out for me, in blankets and various other articles of comfort, which I am desirous of carrying down to my poor, old parents. The Jew gladly promised to prevail on his sister, to do whatever he wished, and moreover assured the affectionate lad, that he should be allowed to make a yearly visit to his

parents, as long as they lived, and always at his expense. Tell your parents that, though a Jew myself, I have not presumed to interfere with your former mode of worship; but, on the contrary, have made you regularly attend the service of the Church of England, ever since you left them.

Sophia was very much pleased with the story of the Newcastle shepherd-boy, and declared she would go and see him.

Augustus thought he would play Romeo delightfully; but the colonel said the part of Douglas would suit him best.

I, by this time, conceived I had talked quite enough, for one evening. I therefore endeavoured, with all my might, to call Sophia out, and draw her into some kind of conversation.

Berkeley was beginning to think himself trifled with, and, being naturally a

little abrupt in such cases, he told her flatly that, if she meant to refuse him, after all, she ought not to have admitted him so often.

Sophia continued to hint, with proper delicacy and due modest blushes, that her living with him or not, must depend on what his intentions were: in other words, she gently intimated that, as yet, she was ignorant what settlement he meant to make on her. The gay handsome colonel Berkeley's vanity being now so deeply wounded, he, in his sudden rage, entirely lost sight of what was due to the soft sex, at least to that part of it which had been so hard upon him.

Do you fancy me then so humble, and so void of taste, as to buy with my money the reluctant embraces of any woman breathing? Do you think I cannot find friends who have proved their affection, by the sacrifices they have made for me,

that I should give my money to buy the cold-blooded being, who calculates, at fifteen years of age, what the prostitution of her person ought to sell for ?

Sophia was frightened, and shed tears.

Colonel Berkeley, said I, we are your visitors, and wish to retire immediately, from such unmanly insult as you have offered to us. Will you procure us some safe conveyance ? no matter what.

Colonel Berkeley, immediately begged pardon, with much apparent humility, saying, I am a passionate, ill-tempered, spoiled fellow, and must throw myself on your charity ; or, if you prefer it, my carriage is at the service of you both, and neither I nor my brother shall intrude, without your permission.

I shook hands with him, as did Sophia, and little more was said. We all returned home together, but in silence, and Colonel

Berkeley never afterwards sought Sophia's society.

The next day, I had the satisfaction of driving down to Layton-stone, with my young torment of a nephew, and I left him under the protection of his school-master, Mr. Codroie.

Ah! ah! said the Frenchman, here is de boy of my school again.

I assured George, in his presence, that if I heard any complaints, or if he was turned out of his school, I would use my interest to get him immediately sent to sea; but promised to give him every possible encouragement, if I received a good account of him.

I got home by about five o'clock, and found Fred Lamb in my little library, looking over my books. I felt annoyed by this intrusion; but Frederick appeared to take so strong an interest in all I had been

reading, and doing, since we last met, that my heart failed me, after I tried to quarrel with him.

I never saw a girl, except yourself, said Frederick, possessing unbounded liberty, from the age of fourteen, without a single friend, or any thing better to guide her, than her own romantic imagination, who yet contrives to grow wiser every year, to reflect, to read, and to improve, her mind, in the midst of such flattery as you are surrounded by.

Fred Lamb did actually say all this; but I do not tell my reader that I was vain enough to believe above half of it; for, though I had bought my books to he ready, in case a fit of reading should happen to come over me, yet, I must confess, that, hitherto, I have not had a call, as Lord Headfort said.

Apropos, to what?

I'll tell you———

At Brighton, I used to make a general postman of the good Marquis of Headfort, who had long been our family's friend, equally at hand to congratulate us on our marriages, our simple fornications, our birth-days, or our expected deaths. Send all your letters to me, at Brighton, under cover to Headfort, I used to say, to every body, who could not frank, or were so cut off from the blessings of this life, as not to have a member belonging to them. Headfort, having a packet of letters to bring up to me, every morning, from the Pavilion, to Prospect-house! which was the dignified appellation, my landlord bestowed on my humble cottage, at Brighton, I requested he would rap twice only; according to the etiquette observed by other post men.

How much? one day asked my stupid new servant, for which I discharged her on the spot, for how could one live with an animal, so little alive to the sublime

and beautiful! as to have mistaken the Marquis of Headfort, wrapped up, in an old great coat, on a rainy day, for a common general post man!! I was really very much shocked indeed.

Come up stairs, my dear Marquis, said I, and see me discharge this fool directly.

Take off your great coat.

Ah! vous voila, Marquis, de haut en bas. Dite, donc, mon cher, en parlant du bas, who do you make love to now? for it cannot be supposed a gay deceiver like yourself can be satisfied with old Mrs. Massey all your life, although that crim. con. affair of yours did cost you so much money.

Oh, my dear child, answered poor Headfort, it is more than ten years since Mrs. Massey has cut me dead, as her lover.

Why? I asked.

Don't you know, my dear, that she has turned methodist, and thinks it wicked.

But then, said I, it is still lucky for you, that her conscience permits her to make use of your house, purse, equipage and private boxes!

Yes, said Headfort, she still does me that honour; for which I pay very dear, particularly on a Sunday, when she reads me Letters from the Dead to the Living, till I am almost tempted to wish her own signature at the bottom of them.

With whom pray do you console yourself?

I have not had a call, my dear, for the last five years!

It will come on you when you shall be born again, by the assistance of Mrs. Massey's prayers, I remarked.

I am, however, wandering from my subject.—

No matter, it was a very bad one!

It was Fred Lamb, who dined with me, read to me, talked of love to me, and looked all passion, just like the satyr of my vision.

What vision, pray? the reader asks; that is to say, if ever I should be honoured with a reader, which is not at all certain. I am ready prepared and armed for abuse of every sort and kind: but not to be read! No matter! If this happens, it will be entirely Stockdale's fault for not enlivening the work with pretty pictures, as I have suggested to him, and certainly cannot, by the most remote possibility, be owing to any demerit of mine.

Above all, I wanted Wellington to be exhibited, dripping with wet, standing opposite my street door, at midnight, bawling up to Argyle, who should be representing my old Abigail, from my bed-room window. Good gracious! I quite forgot to tell this adventure!! How

could I be so ridiculous and negligent? Never mind, you shall have it now—But there is poor Fred Lamb waiting all this time in my select library! I can't help it—There's no getting on with Fred Lamb. I never could use him to any purpose in all my life; and yet there's matter enough in him too! What matters that? Let it stand over, or let it pass. Fred Lamb can read Zimmerman, which he will find among my books. It will teach him to love solitude, and to, profit by it, while my readers amuse themselves with the interesting adventure, which happened on the very night of Wellington's arrival from Spain, and which I beg a thousand pardons for not having made them acquainted with, in due order and proper time.

Good news! Glorious news! Who calls? said master Puff, the newsman.—Not that any body called the least in the

world: but Wellington was really said to have won a mighty battle, and was hourly expected. Cannons were fired, and much tallow consumed in illumination. His grace of Argyle came to me, earlier than usual, on that memorable evening; but being unwell and love-sick, he found me in my bed-chamber, when catching me in his arms, he swore, by his brown whiskers, that this night, at least, he would be a match for mighty Wellington.

Quell bizarre idee vous passe par la tete? said I. Surely you have forgotten the amiable duchess, his bride, and all the fatigues his grace has encountered, enough to damp the ardour of any mighty hero or plenipotentiary for one evening, at any rate; therefore, trust me, Wellington will not disturb us to-night.

At this very moment a thundering rap was heard at the door.

Vive l'amour! Vive la guerre, said Argyle—Le voila! And, hastily throwing my dressing gown over his shoulders, and putting on one of my old night-caps, having previously desired (the most particlerst man as he is) not to let any body in, hastily put his head out of my bed-room window, which was on the second floor, and soon recognized the noble chieftain, Wellington! Endeavouring to imitate the voice of an old duenna, Argyle begged to know who was at the door?

Come down, I say, roared this modern Blue Beard, and don't keep me here in the rain, you old blockhead.

Sir, answered Argyle, in a shrill voice, you must please to call out your name, or I don't care to come down, robberies are so frequent in London, just at this season, and all the sojers, you see, coming home from Spain, that it's quite alarming to poor lone women.

Wellington took off his hat, and held up, towards the lamp, a visage, which late fatigue, and present vexation, had rendered no bad representation of that of the knight of the woeful figure. While the rain was trickling down his nose, his voice, trembling with rage and impatience, cried out—You old ideot, do you know me now?

Lord, sir, answered Argyle, anxious to prolong this ridiculous scene, I can't give no guess; and, do you know, sir, the thieves have stolen a new water-butt out of our airy, not a week since, and my missis is more timbersome than ever!

The devil! vociferated Wellington, who could endure no more, and, muttering bitter imprecations, between his closed teeth, against all the duennas and old women that had ever existed, returned home to his neglected wife, and family duties.

That's all!!

And now we really must attend to the

right honourable Frederick Lamb, plenipotentiary at the court of ———— with all its appendages and powers, to have and to hold by, &c. &c. &c.

He was, then, very handsome and clever, and, as his passions were most ardent, he wonld grind his teeth, in bitterness of wounded pride, if you did not happen to be affeeted with the same ardour. Now I hate a man of this complexion. I take these sort of things, when they happen to me, very differently. My love or passion for a man, is at once destroyed, turned to burlesque ridicule, le moment qu'on ne me rend pas la pareille. I remember dismissing a hero of this sort, in the words of Monsieur l'archeveque de Grenarde, de Gil Blas. After assuring him of my friendship, je vous souhaite toute sorte de prosperite, mon ami, avec un peu plus de gout.

There is Luttrell, who, as every body knows, is the ugliest man alive, and he

looks so solemn too withal; and yet, would you believe it, that witty fright, in all our long intimacy, had the impudence never once to put the question to me.

One day I made believe to be in a passion about it, and assured him he ought to be ashamed of himself.

You refuse very unexceptionable people, answered Luttrell, with his usual methodistical earnestness of expression; you refuse Fred Lamb! and why may not I refuse you? You do not excite me.

I'll go the Albany some night, in order to lay violent hands on you, I replied.

I live at B. 3, answered Luttrell, taking his hand out of his coat pocket, to place it deliberately in his breast, as he raised his head with that sort of determined air and attitude, which said, as plainly as attitude could speak it, do your worst.

But, again, I am digressing from Fred

Lamb! What is to be done, unless he turn freemason, and tie me to his apron strings? I wish I had let him alone, instead of handing him into my library. He is quite a weight on my mind. Perhaps the reader will allow me to cut the subject where it stands? But I should like to tell them about the Cock, at Sutton, too.

Of course, you all know the Cock, at Sutton? or lest any lady or gentleman should be so deficient in tact, so behindhand in topographical knowledge, so unacquainted with public characters, suppose I just mention that the celebrated athletic Jackson, the gentleman-bruiser and prize-fighter, once shouldered and insinuated himself into the good graces of the fair widow, who kept the Cock, at Sutton, which afterwards became his, for several years, by right of marriage and rights of a landlord: hence its celebrity.

However, the story I have to relate has nothing to do with Jackson, else I could about it straight: but there is a fatality attending on Fred Lamb, and, though I am bored to death with him, I don't like to miss telling you the story of The Cock at Sutton! and so—here goes, to use mad doctor Robertson's elegant expression.

I could only get Fred Lamb out of my library, by promising him that we certainly should meet once more, if only to sign and seal my forgiveness of his former violence.

Well then, said Fred at last, I shall come up from Brocket-hall, the day after to-morrow, and I will call on you, on my way to town, and, if you do not desire and wish to see me, order your servant not to let me in; for I should be very sorry to be accused of forcing your inclinations a second time.

The next day, being of course deeply

affected with Fred Lamb's absence, I went to call on Julia, pour me distraire.

But where is your story of the Cock at Sutton? the reader enquires.

I am coming to that by-and-bye,

Julia's spirits appeared much improved, since my last visit to her. I see very well, by your altered look, said I, that Sir H. Mildmay has been paying you a visit, and has fulfilled England's expectation, by having done his duty.

True answered Julia, with a deep sigh, which almost resembled a groan; but I see very plainly that he is tired of me.

Oh the wretch! said I. Did ever any body hear of such a heartless deceiver. For my part, though I candidly confess that Mildmay is beautiful, I would not have him, or even desire to be his lawful wedded wife, were I Robinson Crusoe's better half, and left to shift, or unshift for myself on a desart island. I feel no more love

towards Mildmay, than men of heart and sentiment usually entertain for common prostitutes; for who among the worst of them, is more common than Mildmay?

The contrast between such a notorious gay Lothario, and the sly, voluptuous, and most luxurious Lord Ponsonby, struck, at that moment, to my very heart, and I was almost beginning to adore him again with all my soul, and with all my strength. I humbled myself to the very dust, and he disregarded my prayers, said I to myself, my really fine eyes flashing indignant fire as I caught the reflection of their beauty in the opposite glass. I determined never to let the vile, provoking Lord Ponsonby occur to me again!

I would resign all the rest of my life, without a sigh, to be loved, for one single week more, by that angel Mildmay, said Julia.

My poor forlorn woman, I replied, for

God's sake, recollect you are a mother! Whoever forgets that, is less than human. Think of your poor, dear, beautiful, children. It is wrong perhaps to intrigue, under any circumstances, yet somebody who was wise, or who passed for wise, has said that there are exceptions to every rule. Mr. Napier is rich and free. I think that it depends on you to provide for your children. Consider, my dear Julia, I continued, taking her hand, and I saw a tear glisten in her eye.

When do you expect Mr. Napier? I asked.

The long-backed, odious creature, will call here to-morrow, answered Julia.

I wish something else could be done, said I, hastily, sympathising in her disgust.

Shall I write to your uncle, lord Carysfort?

Do not mention that unfeeling wretch!

exclaimed Julia. A legacy has been left me, which I cannot help thinking has been unfairly appropriated.

Havo you applied to his lordship on that subject, I enquired?

I have written to him twice, answered Julia, and my second letter was answered by his lordship, in these words—The person from whom you expected a legacy, shewed a becoming horror and disgust at your vile, profligate conduct, by withdrawing your name from his will.

Rely on it, said I, that honourable uncle of yours, has taken due care of your property. But what can be expected from one thus destitute of every manly feeling of compassion, towards a poor, fallen, defenceless relative!

Julia absolutely sobbed aloud. I never saw her thus affected, for she was not given to the melting mood. To change

the conversation, I asked her what had become of another noble relative?

He has paid nearly a thousand pounds for me, and declares he can do no more, replied Julia.

No matter, said I, Napier is your man. Since you could be unchaste, to gratify your own passions, I am sure it cannot be wrong to secure the comfort and protection of six beautiful children.

But Napier's vanity makes me sick, retorted Julia, impatiently. The possession of my person would not satisfy him. He wants me to declare and prove that I love him; and the thing is physically impossible.

I thought of Fred Lamb, and was silent.

What has become of Amy and Argyle? I asked, after a pause.

Amy, said Julia, is very proud of

Argyle, and also of her pregnancy, and lives in hopes that her unborn babe, by the Scottish laws, may yet be Duke of Argyle.

She has bespoken a boy then?

Of that too she lives in hopes, repeated Julia.

And the Duke, enquired I, with something like a sickness of the heart, is he as tender and as loving as ever?

I have heard nothing to the contrary, answered Julia.

I was not jealous; but disgusted. I had always wished to love my sisters dearly. It was very hard on me that they would not let me!

If, said Julia, I were to consent to Napier's wishes, and he did not provide for my children; I should go into the Serpentine River, the very next instant.

Here is a fuss about trifles, said I. Why cannot we take these things as the

French women do? Ca lui fait tant de plaisir! pendant que ça me coute si peu!

That is the way they argue, and very philosophically too. Your sin has been bringing all these children into the world; and now, coute qui'l coute, you must provide for them, to the extent of your power. I concluded here my very moral advice, and took my leave, promising to join her, in our Opera-box, on the morrow evening.

The next morning Mildmay called on me. He reproached me with having deceived, and made a fool of him; but all he could say or do, could not effect any change of my sentiments, in his favour.

He had also professed to love Julia once, and how had he requited her? Heaven defend me from the like humiliation, thought I, and which I should richly deserve, were I to encourage this cold-hearted profligate, beautiful Sir Henry.

As soon as I contrived to get rid of him, and had dined, I went to join Julia, at the Opera House. The first man who came into my box was Fred Lamb: he appeared delighted to see me.

When did you come to town? I asked.

This morning, Fred answered, and I called on you; but you were either out, or denied to me.

I passed the morning in my little library, answered I.

You have made me very wretched, whispered Fred Lamb, pressing my hand with much passionate agitation. He looked remarkably well.

Indeed Fred, said I, I did not mean it.

Remember your promise then, added Fred Lamb, and do pray, dearest Harry, tell me, when you will throw away two whole days on me, in the country?

What shall we do there?

Get married, interposed Julia.

Married! exclaimed Fred Lamb. From my heart and soul, I shall pity the man, who ever hopes to attach you, Harriette, to himself. You have the knack of torturing those who love you, beyond the possibility of endurance! Why not have told me at once, that you did not mean to receive me?

I meant well, answered I, sighing; for it never gave me any pleasure to be loved by those, whose love I could not return.

Had you been my wife, by heavens, I should have murdered you, long ago, said Fred Lamb, half seriously.

Why, yes, I replied, I think, as yet, you had better not venture on me: but really Fred, on the day I turn fifty, I propose being steady, and then, perhaps—

No, said Fred Lamb, not a bit of it. You would only then, as now, be one

day, grateful for attentions, and the next confess that you were sorry, advise one not to fret for a woman of fifty; but declare you had changed your mind.

If this is really my character, and you imagine I should act thus, for ever, towards every man, how can you be so very weak as to like me?

Lord Molyneux came into my box, at this instant. I always made it a point to make violent love to Lord Molyneux, for the same reason that I used to say soft things to Luttrell; because they, neither of them, professed the least love to me.

I wish all the young men would dress as you do, said I, to his lordship. That dear, little, gentleman-like bow, on the little, vieille cour, three-cornered hat! How quiet and interesting, compared to the vile, gold-laced, dragoon-looking, flat thing, Lord Uxbridge carries under his arm!

What you say is most highly flattering, said Lord Molyneux, with good natured composure.

And then, white silk stockings always win my heart, no matter who wears them. In short, your lordship is better dressed, and better adapted, altogether, to set off a woman's opera-box, than Brummell, Lord Jersey, or any man I know; and, if I could only have insured to myself, the honour of a visit from you every night, I should not have put myself to the expense of ten pounds, for these new red curtains.

Lord Molyneux said, that he was sure I ought to give him credit for the gentleness of his disposition, and the unheard-of patience with which he stood there to be quizzed and laughed at; and, yet, added Molyneux, though this is invariably what happens to me, your box, altogether, has attractions one cannot resist.

All nonsense, said I. I am no longer to

be put off, in this manner. I, who am stark staring mad for you!

The Honourable Berkeley Craven now joined us.

Your nephew, here, Mr. Craven, to whom I addressed myself, refuses to return my passion!

I, as your uncle, command you to satisfy the young lady on the spot, said Berkeley Craven.

I am off, said Fred Lamb.

Julia, who greatly admired him, as well as the character I had given her of him, intreated him to remain.

You have not settled your rural excursion with Harriette, yet, Julia told him.

Oh, true! where is it to be? I was obliged to ask; because Fred looked in such a passion with me.

Would you like Richmond? Fred enquired.

Oh, no! I answered. Sophia and I

dined there a short time ago, and——va-riety, you know, my dear Fred Lamb, is every thing, even at fifty years of age!

Go to The Cock, at Sutton, said Berkeley Craven. It is a delightful, pretty, rural place for a man to read rhymes, and be romantic in; just fit for you, Fred.

Are you ever taken with either a fit of reading, or a fit of romance, Berkeley?

Ask my young nephew here, who can tell you how I used to sit, and sigh, and drink brandy and water, with Mrs. Patten, after the play, answered Berkeley.

So much for your romance! said I.

And, as to reading, continued Berkeley, I will be bound to say, that, among men who have received no regular education, not one has read more plays and farces, than I have; and I always read the newspaper from beginning to end, except the debates.

The Duc de Berri next came in; and we all stood up, till he was seated, as bound by etiquette; and then followed my young, new acquaintance, the Duke of Leinster, who stood up, by himself, like a noun substantive, for want of a chair.

Now the said Duke of Leinster, being a very stingy, stupid blockhead, whom nobody knows, I will describe him. His person was pretty good; strait, stout, and middle-sized, with a good, fair, Irish allowance of leg. It was a good leg, however, mais en gros; and I never saw any thing more decided, in the shape of curls, than those which adorned and distinguished Leinster's crop, from all such heads of hair, as are in the habit of resisting the curling tongs, when they do not happen to be red hot: c'etoit, enfin, une belle téte.

I do not see how a man could be well handsomer, without a mind. His grace was, at that time, in the constant habit of

assenting to whatever any body said, good or bad. He was all smiles, and sweet good-humour. He would, in fact, have made an excellent husband for Sophia; yet, strange to say, he felt not the slightest inclination towards her; but Leinster is not the first fool I have met with, who required wit and talent in a mistress.

How did your grace's party, on the river, go off this morning? I asked.

Oh, it was charming, answered the duke; with more of the brogue than was at all necessary, for a lad, who had been bred at Eton. But, upon my honour, added Leinster, the English are too stiff and abominable, for, just as I had stripped and began to row, they hallooed out,—Wait for his grace! where's his grace? where's the Duke of Leinster?—as if his grace, who happens to be a mere wild, Irish boy, of nineteen, was not allowed to amuse himself in the same way that

other lads do. I question if they did not expect to see me, in a bag-wig, added Leinster.

Lord Molyneux waited to catch my eye, and kiss his hand, as he made his exit.

You are driving away the vieille cour, by expressing those vulgar ideas.

I cannot help it, replied Leinster. God Almighty has not cut me out for a fine gentleman.

One word, said Fred Lamb, and I am off, to make room for better men.

I really will, I interrupted him in a whisper, not knowing how else to get rid of him, I really will drive down to The Cock, at Sutton, to-morrow morning, at about twelve, and enquire for you.

Fred Lamb's eyes brightened. Swear it upon your honour and soul, said he, seizing my hand.

I do swear, I rejoined.

He pressed his lips on the hand he held, in fervent gratitude, as he took his leave.

I knew I should find my noble cousin, the big duke, here, said the young handsome Harry De Roos, peeping his Narcissus-like head into my box.

Come in, you pretty Harry, said I.

Oh! I am very melancholy, observed De Roos, blushing, as he took his seat.

Upon my honour, said Leinster, Henry is fretting for nothing at all. Wait now, while I tell you all about it.

Indeed, and we are waiting, I answered.

Why, Leinster went on, his mother, my lady De Roos, is going to send him down to a private tutor, to-morrow, and I have frightened him with my description of the Smiths, that's all.

Who are the Smiths? I asked.

Mr. Smith is the name of the big duke's tutor, whom he has just left, answered

De Roos, after enduring such wretchedness, for more than two years, as would have about finished me, I am sure.

Nothing at all like wretchedness, upon my honour, retorted Leinster. It is all Harry's spoiled way.

Tell us, you big duke, how you used to pass your valuable time, at this said bugbear of a tutor, Mr. Smith's, said I.

Listen while I tell you then, replied, Leinster. Myself and two other lads, were under his care. We rose at six, and cleaned our own boots and shoes.

De Roos looked on his peculiarly delicate, white hand, and fingers, and sighed heavily ! !

And then, proceeded Leinster, we took our breakfast, which consisted of thick slices of bread, with a little salt butter. After that we had three large books placed before us, and in which we were desired to read for five hours, taking

down notes of whatever struck us most forcibly. At dinner, which consisted, one day, of a roast joint, the next, of the same, hashed; the third, ditto, minced; our society was enlivened by the three Miss Smiths!

What sort of animals were they? enquired Julia, laughing.

The eldest, Miss Jemima, wore a sort of a false rump, sticking out so, and Leinster put himself into a most ludicrous attitude.

To my question, whether she was pretty? he answered, that her face was a little too much like a dead horse, for perfect beauty.

Gorgons, all three of them, and the youngest turned of thirty, said De Roos, with a heavy groan.

But then, interrupted Julia, Mr. De Roos, is not going to live with Mr. Smith.

True, continued De Roos, and, surely, there cannot be another such a vile place in the world, take it all together, cleaning boots, and the Miss Smiths, and all?

No, I answered, you must hope the best, and recollect that merely being minus the Miss Smiths is something.

Thank God, I have done with private tutors! said Leinster.

How do you like Oxford? asked Julia.

Delighted with it, replied the duke. Apropos of Christ-Church. Do you know that Brummell is cut amongst us, and who do you think sets the fashions there now?

Yourself, perhaps?

No, nothing is asked, but whether Harriette Wilson approves of this or that? Harriette likes white waistcoats,—Harriette commends silk stockings, &c. I asked my friend, the young Marquis of Worcester, why he did not curl his strait

locks? Harriette considers strait hair most gentlemanlike.

On my asking him if he knew Harriette, the marquis owned that he had never seen her, adding, I ran up three times to the Opera, on purpose; but she did not make her appearance. Will you present me to her? I shall be much indebted to you.

Not I, indeed, upon my honour, was my answer, and I am the only young man at Oxford, acquainted with you.

Young Lambton, the little curly headed opposition man, second son of Lady Ann Windham, now interrupted us. The Duc De Berri, who had been all attention to Julia, arose to depart, and we all stood up to bow him out, with the self-same ceremony with which we bowed him in. As to Berkeley Craven, he had found his way out, unobserved by us, long before.

Lambton had been, for the last three

weeks, trying to muster courage to express his passion, and Leinster, observing his anxiety to say soft things in my ear, took his hat to depart, first declaring that he should hold himself in readiness, in the round room, to see me safe to my carriage. Harry De Roos, as he followed his cousin, begged us to pity him, and convey his tender regards to Sophia.

Next came Napier, who, with his usual ill-breeding, began to whisper in Julia's ear. However, I would have put up with more than that, to have been of use to her.

Lord Kinnaird paid me a sort of flying visit; but, seeing Napier so deeply engaged on one side, and Lambton so tender on the other, he had the impudence to whisper in my ear, Mademoiselle Harriette, il ne faut pas le corrompre, and then left us.

His lordship was overheard by Lamb-

ton, who began to fidget about, and redden, and appear very uneasy.

What is the matter, Mr. Lambton? asked Julia.

I am not much of a Frenchman, muttered Lambton; but I perfectly understood what Lord Kinnaird said, and I think it was extremely impertinent.

Lambton's particular friend, the Honourable Thomas Dundas, now joined us. I immediately related this mighty affair to him.

Lambton declared that, whatever his appearance might be, he had no idea of being treated like a child, by any man, seeing that he was of age.

Yes, interrupted I, of age to be wiser than to take offence, where, very evidently, no offence was meant. Lord Kinnaird only knows you by sight.

The less reason for his taking such a

liberty, answered the little man, with much impatient dignity.

While Dundas was endeavouring to calm his irritated friend, the curtain dropped, and the Duke of Leinster hurried up stairs, to be in time to conduct me into the round room. Dundas and Lambton followed us, the latter still grumbling, and very sulky.

Lord Kinnaird passed us again, and nodded, good-naturedly, as he chaperoned some ladies to their carriage. Lambton spoke loudly at him, as he passed, saying, he did not consider himself a subject for ridicule, or in danger of being corrupted, or young enough to endure the accusation.

Kord Kinnaird heard nothing, as applied to himself, never having dreamed of such a thing as insulting, or picking a quarrel with young Lambton. This, both I and Mr. Dundas took pains to im-

press on his mind; but the peevish, fretful creature refused to hear reason.

Again his lordship passed us, and again Lambton growled at him, with his eyes fixed on his own well-blacked shoes.

It was now my turn to lose my patience.

Good heavens, I exclaimed, is this what you Opposition-gentlemen call spirit? growling at a man between your teeth for an imagined assault. Why growl, or be sulky, if nobody has offered you any insult? and, if they have, why do you not address them with firm, manly civility, to request an explanation or apology?

Having thus brought my little spit-fire gentleman to a point, he soon contrived to pocket his supposed wrongs, since challenging had been hinted at by me, as his alternative, and went home, without touching on the subject, to Lord Kinnaird.

I do not exactly know what these young Lambtons are good for, except sulkiness. I remember hearing the officers of the old 10th Dragoons, to which regiment the eldest Lambton had formerly belonged, declare that he had contrived so to prejudice the whole regiment against him, that there was no rest for himself, or his brother officers, till he left it. I do not mean absolutely to assert, by this, that there really is no good about either of the Lambtons, being in the first place an incompetent judge of their merits, from having only a slight acquaintance with the youngest, and, in the second, it being my intention to draw my characters with truth and nature, I should be very sorry to caricature them. I will tell you why : but this is a secret. —I do not like them well enough to tell you a single untruth, to their prejudice, and thereby to shake your faith in such facts

as else would tell against them. In common justice to my own heart, I must add that I yet like, even my enemies, and those who have used me worst, too well, to desire that you should believe them worse than they really are.

What I have stated, and mean to state hereafter, I will abide by, and swear to: and let them deny it, if they can. I allude to all such facts as might be likely to prejudice my reader against any individual. As to mere harmless conversations, I do not profess more than general accuracy; I often add, a yes, a nod, or a no, or I neglect my dates and relate anecdotes together, which happened at different periods, but happen they did; and no conversation is described herein, which did not take place within my own knowledge, and, for the most part, in my own hearing.

In regard to the Lambtons, I have related all I ever heard or knew of them, good or bad; and, judging of the youngest, from my slight observation, never having conversed with him, for an hour together in my life, I should pronounce him well read; rather sensible; not one bit witty; touchy, sulky, proud, and overbearing: but, having yet the fear of God always before him, he prefers growling to duelling, as in duty bound. So much I guess; yet, being uncertain as to what relates to his religious principles, I beg that all his friends will consider him as bold as a lion, until he shall, himself, have proved to them, the contrary.

To proceed, I refused to permit the Duke of Leinster, to accompany me home, although he declared himself ready to mount the box, or to stand behind, with my dapper little footman! I was out of sorts, and out of spirits at the idea

of having promised to meet Frederic Lamb at The Cock, at Sutton, on the following morning. Oh, this tiresome Fred Lamb! I wonder if any woman, alive, was ever in love with him, with the exception of the once celebrated Charlotte Windham; who would have taken him into keeping, at least so I have heard, and found him in washing, tea, sugar, and raw eggs, to the end of his natural life, had he not cut her dead, pour mes propres beaux yeux. Handsome, clever! young! a great plenipo, and the recorded son of the Earl of Melbourne! What would ladies be at? On ne connoit pas toujours son pére, c'est un malheur; on est sûr, cependant, d'en avoir eu un, cela console! as says Pigault Le Brun.

Fred Lamb certainly had a father, and, in my conscience, I believe him to have been a man of high rank, no matter whether he was a lord, a duke, or a prince,

and, what is more, his mother was a married woman; and yet, notwithstanding these multifarious advantages of both, I looked forward, with disgust, to the idea of meeting him, at The Cock, at Sutton. How could I be so deficient in good taste?

I found two letters, on my dressing table; the first I took up was in my young nephew's well known, round text. I knew that he would not write, unless he wanted money, or clothes, whips, or cricket-bats, and, as I happened to be very poor, I did not venture to break the seal, till I had examined the other letter, in search of consolation. It was addressed in an unknown, and I fancied, disguised hand. I hastily broke open the plain wafer seal, and found a two hundred pound bank note, merely inclosed in a blank cover. Charming correspondent, said I, how eloquent is thy silence!

It is very clear, continued I, to myself, that there is a providence, which is kind enough to take particular care of me; for I have only to spend my last shilling, in order to insure to myself a full purse, which comes to me, nobody knows how. I was at loss to guess at the munificent being, who could find pleasure, in thus secretly disposing of so large a sum without even the chance of being thanked for it. It must be Lord Ponsonby thought I, and strange to say, the idea gave me pain instead of pleasure. I would rather have been indebted to any man's goodness than his. It was a relief to my mind, to believe him heartless, and unworthy of my affection.

To change the current of my thoughts, I opened my young nephew's letter, which also contained an inclosure, in the shape of a little, dirty note, directed to William Halliday, my footman.

The letter to me was as follows:

My dear Aunt.

I hope you are well, as this leaves me at present. Excuse this bad writing as I am so very bad, and my head aches, fit to split, but I am ordered, this very moment before the post goes out, to acquaint you with my accident, as Monsieur Codroie says, perhaps, you may wish me to come to town, to have the rest of my teeth put to rights, the fact is then, to be short, dear Aunt, I was running just now, and I hit my face against another boy's head, and broke out my two front teeth,

Your affectionate Niece,

GEORGE WOODCOCK.

P.S. Pray deliver the inclosed to William, in answer to a long stupid sermon he has written to me, about five shillings he says I borrowed of him.

George's inclosure was, merely, poor William's laboured epistle, turned inside out, with these eloquent words written near the seal,—

Five and four makes nine,
Mind your business, and I'll mind
mine.

Vive la poésie! said I, throwing the letter aside, and ringing for my femme de chambre, whom I desired to prepare for my journey to The Cock, at Sutton, on the following morning.

I did not awake till twelve o'clock, when I rang my bell.

Madame, la voiture est à la porte, said my French maid, as she entered my bed-room.

I cannot help it; so bring me a cup of chocolate, pour me donner du courage, I replied.

Before I had finished it, the Duke of Leinster was announced, and I went down to him in my dressing-gown and slippers.

Upon my honor, said his grace, I am very glad you do not keep your appointment with Fred Lamb. I have brought little George, some strings to mend his fiddle with, and, if you will give it me, I will string it for him.

I rang for the fiddle, and Leinster set to work, in great glee.

How did you get home last night? I asked.

Oh, said Leinster, my brother, Fitzgerald, has found out such a woman!! Upon my honor, I never laughed so much in all my life. He told me she was Venus herself, just emerged from the froth of the sea! I wanted to go home, and think of you; but Fitzgerald dragged me, by force, to No. 2, Upper Norton-street. We were shewn into a parlour, by an old, dirty

duenna, who assured us her mistress was engaged, and she regretted it of all things.

Good gracious! said I, Fitz, you are not going to wait?

Yes, said my brother, mysteriously; she is in keeping, and has been these five years. I shall ruin her, if I am found here, so pray be quiet. The gentleman who keeps her, is a captain of horse-marines.

For God's sake, let me be off, said I, making the best of my way to the door. I can stand a lick or two as well as most lads of my age and country; but, being in love elsewhere, and not quite come to my strength, I do not feel much inclined to encounter this horse-marine, to-night. However, Fitzgerald over-ruled all my objections, and kept me there, in perfect misery, for more than half an hour. At last, we heard the creaking of heavy boots

descending the stairs. I scarcely ventured to breathe, expecting, every minute, to be called to account, by the horse-marine, for being found concealed on his premises, at past two o'clock in the morning.

Upon my honor, I did not half like it! and only just fancy my horror, when, instead of going out at the street-door, as we both expected, this much-dreaded horse-marine strutted into the parlour, in search of his hat! He did not look much like an horse-marine, but reminded me more of a city hosier. Nevertheless, I made myself as small as possible, and strove to hide behind the scanty, red, window-curtain. As to Fitzgerald, believing that all was lost, he became bold from desperation, and, folding his arms across his breast, he fixed his eyes steadily on his rival. The horse-marine, who had entered with the sort of strut which

became a commander in chief of, No. 2, Upper Norton-street, started back, instead of encountering my brother's fixed regard, and began to stammer out an apology. He had just taken the liberty of seeing the lady home safe, from the Opera; he begged pardon if it had been wrong, he was sure no harm, nor disrespect was meant, &c.

By this time my brother, who, I assure you, is by no means such a fool, as I am, saw exactly how the case stood, and that the horse-marine, was but the creature of his fair mistress's imagination, a sort of circular bug-bear, by which she contrived to frighten all her lovers, while she flattered their vanity, with the idea, that her acquaintance was an unusual bonne fortune, which their peculiar merits alone, had obtained for them. This conviction being impressed on my brother's mind, he interrupted his rival, in the midst of his humble

apologies, by playing himself, for that night only, the character of the terrific horse-marine!! And, waving his hand, with much pomp, towards the door, as he fixed his back against the fire-place, said, no offence, my good fellow, no offence! only, there is the door, you know, and, unless you prefer making your exit by the window, never let me see your rascally, ugly, face, in this house, again!

Upon my honour, continued Leinster, I could not stand it any longer, and, before the poor trembling wretch got to the street-door, we both broke out into a roar of laughter, which was interrupted by the entrance of the frail fair one, herself, whom my brother immediately accosted thus:

Fair lady, since I have been allowed to make so very valuable an acquaintance, as that of your horse-marine, my conscience will not permit me to interfere

with his happiness: and we hastened out of the house; before the lady could recover from her confusion and surprise.

Now duke, said I, there's the door, placing myself before the fire, and pointing to it, in humble imitation of Fitzgerald.

Leinster took this gentle, delicate hint, with much good nature, and left me at about two o'clock. I felt really ashamed of myself, and, hurrying on my travelling dress, was soon with my maid, on our road to The Cock, at Sutton. Fred Lamb was waiting at the door, and his joy, on perceiving my carriage, overcame all his late vexation.

I shall be nicely quizzed and laughed at, said Fred Lamb. Harry Windham and Lord Egremont alighted here this morning, on their road to his Lordship's house, at Brighton. They asked me so many questions, as to where I was going, that I was obliged to confess, I was waiting

for somebody to meet me. They remained with me an hour. Why you will not wait any longer, surely, said Harry! Who can the cruel fair one be? It was too bad of you.

Well, do not scold, I answered, for I could not help it.

Fred Lamb had a book in his pocket, and he read to me, in the garden, while our dinner was preparing. His remarks on the fine poem he read, were very sensible; but his manner of reading, like that of his brother William, I dislike: it might rather be called singing; and yet, some say it is proper, and all admit it to be the fashion, to read so.

We had an excellent dinner, and, as long as I saw day-light, I kept in pretty good spirits; but, when the waiter brought us candles, and we seemed as though set-tled for the night, at The Cock, at Sutton,

my heart completely failed me. I tried hard to reason myself out of this repugnance. I argued with myself that, since I had already been under Frederic's protection, one night more or less could not make much difference,—that to leave him now, were to treat him really ill, and make, perhaps, a bitter enemy of a man, well disposed towards me: but all would not do. I cannot help it, said I to myself, in a sort of phrenzy, I would rather die than pass another whole night with Fred Lamb, now the thing is gone by, and I have been so attached to another. My case was desperate; for I almost equally dreaded telling Lamb I would not stay with him.

Fred Lamb, said I, at last, absolutely pale with terror, I really must return to town to night. Do not ask me why, for you may be sure, if I wished to stay, I should not go, and, if I do not, my society

cannot be worth having, to a man of taste, who can easily make himself beloved and desired by more likeable objects than I am. You will, I know, have a right to reproach me with caprice, because my good heart made me wish to avoid the appearance of unkindness towards an old friend; mais vous savez bien que les passions ne se commandent pas.

Fred Lamb, on this occasion, behaved very well, and very gentlemanlike, much as his pride and feelings were hurt. He ordered out my carriage, and accompanied me home with friendly politeness, nor did he make a single unpleasant observation on my refusal to remain there.

The favourite topic on my arrival in town, was the Marquis of Anglesea's elopement with the wife of Sir Henry Wellesley. His Grace of Argyle, was soon expected to console Lady Anglesea by the offer of his hand and heart, in case

that good lady could contrive, by hook or by crook, by English law, or by Scotch law, to obtain her liberty.

Amy Madden, alias Sydenham, alias Argyle, had long been led to believe, according to her own account, that she was to become the legitimate wife of the Duke of Argyle. At last, when Amy was very near her confinement, Argyle, fearful lest the sad truth might fall heavier on her tender heart, from a third person, than from his own lips, one fine morning, after breakfast, having, no doubt, previously fortified himself with a bumper of brandy, for Amy was a practical Tartar, opened to her, with the utmost delicacy he was master of, the appalling fact, that he was about to marry Lady Anglesea.

Amy had an hysterical fit, or was afflicted with sore eyes, I forget which; but I know that she was very bad, and vented her rage in all the refined expres-

sions, usual on these most celebrated occasions. It will scarcely be expected that I should feel much commiseration for her. When I state these facts, it must be understood that Amy said so; but then, will methodistical Luttrell add, with his eyes turned up towards the sky, or the ceiling, as the chance may be—if all the lies that have been uttered, since the flood, were put into a scale, with Amy's, they would weigh as a hair in the balance; so that, perhaps, the less I say on this matter the better.

At last, when a whole month had elapsed beyond the period Amy had named for the expected event, Argyle could keep on the mask no longer; and, having asked her, one evening, how she felt, and received for answer, that she was perfectly well and free from pain, he said, in a passion, why, Amy, you are surely a Johanna Southcott, and never mean to

be confined at all. This was certainly very cruel, though, no less certainly, circumstances did rather appear to justify such a suspicion!

At last, oh, blessed news for Argyle! Amy declared she felt a slight pain; but whether it proceeded from the sweet pledge of love she carried in her bosom, from wind, or from what else time was to, determine: and my kind readers will, probably, recollect that, in a like protracted case, old time determined against the late Marchioness of Buckingham, without the least respect to all the splendid paraphernalia, which had been profusely got up for the anticipated, joyful occasion. Amy, however, not being quite so stricken in years, Argyle bustled about, in the joyful hopes of a speedy deliverance, and said, No harm in sending to Doctor Merriman, and getting the knocker tied up, and a little straw laid before the door?

As to the nurse, she had been in the house for the last month!

By the time the knocker was tied up, the straw laid down, and Doctor Merriman shewn up stairs into her room, Amy declared herself quite well again, and so she continued for another week.

Good Lord deliver us! exclaimed Argyle.

Amen! responded the old nurse: for who would differ from a duke; however pleasant it might be to enjoy present pay and good quarters for doing nothing!

I cannot help pitying any thing in labour even a mountain! At length, Amy, herself, really experienced the so often anticipated pains. She now declared that she could not stand it; and would not, that was more!

Give me a pair of scissars! said she, in a fury, to the doctor, and I will cut my own throat directly.

Dr. Merriman answered, with perfect sang froid,———

Apropos! I do remember this said Doctor Merriman, of Curzon-street, an apothecary, and often has he stood behind his uncle's counter to serve me, when I was a child, and fond of sweets, with a pennyworth of Spanish liquorice. His father was a respectable accoucheur, and had the honour to bring all my respectable family into this respectable world, one by one, except my youngest sister, Julia; and he would have done as much by her, but that he happened to die one day, and the present Doctor Merriman, his nephew, formerly well known by the appellation of Sam Merriman, officiated, faute de mieux, my dear mother being too shy, to endure the idea of a perfect stranger.

As soon as he got possession of his dead uncle's carriage, he took the small liberty of cutting the shop, Spanish liquorice and

all, and ventured to change the name of Sam, for the more dignified one of Doctor, but it would not pass current everywhere. Many refused to pay a fee, and voted him ignorantus, ignoranta, ignorantum! and so Sam, a force de battre le fer, contrived to take out a degree, and became Dr. Merriman, indeed, at any lady's service.

My dear lady, said the doctor to Amy, in answer to her request for a pair of scissars to cut her own throat, my dear lady, I should be happy to oblige you, if you could first insure my own neck: and then, turning to the nurse as he warmed his hands by the fire, I always let them halloa, and make just as much noise as they like; but, for myself, as it will be necessary for me to pass the night here, I shall thank you to give me some warm blankets, on that sofa; with a cup of tea, and a bottle of wine.

In due season, the gentle Amy, was

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delivered of a fine boy, by my old friend, Sam Merriman, and was duly announced to be as well as could be expected. For another fortnight, Amy contrived to keep Argyle in London, as might be supposed, to his no small annoyance, just on the eve of his approaching nuptials with Lady Anglesea. The time however did at length arrive, when his grace took his departure northward, to the destruction of all the airy visions, which had long flitted before the anxious eyes of Amy, who had adorned them with ducal coronets, and almost every other attribute of a resolutely, ambitious, and selfish mind. She declared that her death must be perfectly an event of course; yet she got up in a month, as blooming and well, as she had ever been, in her life. It is true she worked herself up into a dreadful phrenzy of passion, when any body told her that the Duchess of Argyle, was, or

would soon be, in the way which all ladies, who love their lords, wish to be in; but she was easily consoled by adding a few years to her grace's age, or detracting from the duchess's charms, personal or mental.

Enough of Amy. I hate to dwell long on any subject, unless indeed, it were the merits of these, my most interesting and valuable memoirs! which I assure you might have been better still—but that Mr. Stockdale won't let me, or any one else, study and correct them. The merits of such a light work as this, stupidly says he, is, that it is written without study, and naturally, and just as you converse. There are learned books enough, and more than people are aware of, all written with such correct precision, as to defy the Edinburgh Reviewers themselves! and yet half of them do not take, although months have been spent in poring over heavy

volumes, to secure the accuracy of a single date! This research is highly creditable in its way; but, since the world, in their rage for variety, require a little of every thing, write you in your own natural language, and of life, manners, and men as they strike you, and, take my word for it, your own genuine spirit will please, and the book will sell. So here am I, seated on an easy chair, at No. 111, in the rue de Faubourg St. Honoré á Paris, writing, not for the benefit of my readers, but for my own amusement and profit to boot, and in the full expectation that my work is to pass the twentieth edition! !—Apropos, I have just got a letter from Stockdale, who tells me that he has hopes, even beyond what he at first anticipated, as to the success of my Memoirs: but then he consents to observe my directions as to the pretty pictures! which he says, shall certainly

adorn the work, before it gets to the conclusion.

Love me, love my dog!

Apropos to what? says the reader.

I really dont know. I have had my head leaning on my finger, which is my usual attitude, as you see me in the portrait, for the last three minutes, after I had finished the word edition, considering what was to be my next subject.

I yesterday dined with a lady, who assured me, that it often cost her an hour to begin a letter; but, having once decided on the first five or six words, she could scribble on till doomsday.

I'll put any thing down, said I to myself, just now, if only to try my fortune in that way, and, looking towards my window, from which I have a full view of every body who passes in the Faubourg St. Honoré, I saw a thin ancien regime-looking, powdered Frenchman, in a thread

bare coat, and a pair of yellow old silk stockings, which shewed, to much disadvantage, what, I suppose, he calls les beaux restes of his calves.

It is rakish, and interesting, says Lord Foley, to have a thin leg; but you must never admit that you were not born with a large calf, while you declare that your high breeding has left you only, les beaux restes.

However, to proceed with my French-man in the thread-bare coat, who just now stopped near my window, to take off his hat, to an opulent-looking man, with a large, black dog.

What sort of a man is an opulent-looking man? perhaps the reader may inquisitively ask, and particularly if he should happen to belong to that fraternity, vulgarly called black-legs.

Why gentlemen, if you will take off your dreadful Thurtell-looking, white

great-coats, and sit down quietly, and not frighten one, I will tell you.

I generally guess to be opulent, a man who, being vulgar, and with the air and manners of low birth, appears not at all proud of a new coat, which he wears not well brushed, and a chain of value, which is not dragged too forward; and generally appears discontented with whatever poor men are most apt to admire. He likewise makes a particular sort of bow; putting on his hat always less ceremoniously than he has taken it off to salute you, as though, on second thoughts, it had scarcely been worth his while. All these, my favourite marks, had the man, whom the thin old beau, just now saluted with such profound respect.

The supposed opulent man apparently, to the great surprise and delight of the poor one, made a full stop, and addressed him.—While they were conversing, the large, black, dirty dog, jumped on his hind

legs, and began playing with the thin old beau, covering him with mud. Instead of driving the nasty animal away, in anger, as I fully expected, he caressed and patted him, as though quite enchanted. The opulent man, whose frightful dog I should imagine had never before been tolerated, appeared all gratitude and respect for him, who saw his qualities, with the same partial eyes that he did himself.

Love me, love my dog, said I to myself, and, trusting to providence for what was to follow, I put the words down in my manuscript. It is a very natural feeling, certainly, yet many carry it much too far. I have known men, and women too, who could love nothing for the life of them, however amiable, with whom every body was not charmed! Some men quarrel with those who will not admire their mistress; others love her no longer than she happens to continue the fashion: if, indeed,

one may dignify such selfish feelings of admiration, as originate only in vanity, by the appellation of love! Still it is perfectly natural to desire that our friends, and those we respect, should sanction our affections, by partaking of our admiration.

It is sweet to do a great many things, Lord Byron said, and he might have added, how very sweet and pure is the delight we all experience at the genuine, spontaneous praise bestowed on the object of our choice,

Lord Ponsonby was, certainly, one of the most reserved, and shy men in England, and, being a married man, was, naturally for reasons, desirous of concealing his affections, when his wife was not their object. One day, during the time we were living together, I walked into the Green Park, with my young brother George. We met Lord Ponsonby, in a

barouche, accompanied by his sister, Lady Howick.

What two merry, lovely faces are those, said her kind ladyship to her brother, how closely they resemble each other! what a delightful girl! the boy of course must be her brother.

Ponsonby always described this, as one of the very happiest moments of his life, nor could all his dread of notoriety, his constitutional reserve, and his sense of what was due, both to his wife and his sister, prevent his acknowledging, in answer to Lady Howick's question, why he blushed so deeply? that we had loved each other for more than a year.

Oh, for shame, John! said his good natured sister, at least, so Lord Ponsonby told me, but then to be sure, this very nice girl, does resemble Lady Ponsonby extremely.

Do you think that fine boy, her brother would like to go to sea?

Ponsonby said, he would enquire.

I have taken such a fancy to your Harriette, continued Lady Howick, that I wish I could be of service to her. I know I can make Lord Howick send her brother out as midshipman.

It was very, very kind!

My little brother wished to go out, and I was ready to do my best to fit him out. Lord Ponsonby was very persevering about it for more than a month; but my poor mother wanted courage to part with so young, and, certainly so fine a boy.* *

* * * * * *

What do you all think of Elliston the actor? I will tell you my opinion. He is one of the most mercenary, selfish, creatures, I ever met with. I once thought better of him; that was at the

very beginning of our acquaintance. I had absolutely been in love with the man, ever since I accompanied my mother to witness his performance in the Comedy of the Honey-moon. Elliston, in the character of the duke, appeared so very manly, so very gentlemanlike, so every thing which a man ought to be, to win a fair lady's heart, that I did not recover myself for more than a fortnight.

One day, little Livius, of some dragoon regiment, which I have forgotten, having only a sort of bowing, nodding acquaintance with him, met me in Great Portland-street. He touched his hat, and begged pardon for running after me; but knowing my talent, he was anxious to obtain my opinion of a little farce, he was about to bring out, at Drury-lane Theatre, under the title of Maid and Wife.

Will you appoint a time to call on me, and read your piece? said I.

Yes, provided you promise to give me your frank, and most candid opinion of it, whether good or bad.

I promised to do this, on my word, and nine o'clock, on the next evening, was fixed, for his reading the farce to me.

Livius was punctual; he read his little piece, with spirit, and played and sung the songs. They were borrowed from the French, as was the farce, but Livius had adapted it, with some taste, to the English stage. It was un assez joli petit rien, and I doubted not would have its run, for a fortnight at least. I expressed my approbation, at which Livius did me the honor to appear very proud.

Elliston, himself, is kind enough to play one of my characters, and the others, he has given to his very best performers.

What a charming actor, is Elliston, I remarked.

Would you like to be acquainted with him? said Livius.

Of all things in the world, I replied. The impression he made on me, when I was only thirteen years of age, I have not forgotten yet.

If then, added Livius, you will allow me to make up your party for the play to-morrow, I have a private box at your service, and I will invite the Honourable George Lamb to join us.

Elliston plays in Wild Oats; but he will come to us between the acts, or after the play, I have no doubt. At any rate with your permission, we will all sup together, at my hotel in Dover-street. I have very good rooms there, and three piano-fortes, on either of which I shall be delighted to hear you play.

I assured him that I would hold myself in readiness at any hour he would appoint to call for me.

Will you be offended if I venture to introduce a young lady to you? Livius asked.

Not at all, provided you permit me to cut her, dead, in case her society should not be to my taste.

Certainly, said Livius; and after begging me to expect him, in his own carriage, at seven, on the following evening, he left me.

Livius's little farce of Maid and Wife, was advertised for the approaching Monday. On that day, Livius and a pretty, weak, childish, young lady, found our way to a private box at Drury-lane Theatre, just at the close of the first act of Wild Oats. We were soon joined by my own faithful Frederic's brother, the honourable George Lamb, to whom I was presented by Livius. I immediately began to discuss the merits and demerits of

Frederic, with my usual, and abrupt frankness.

Can any thing be more ridiculous, I exclaimed, than the rage which is caused alone, by your not returning a man's passion! Why blame one, for what really cannot be helped?

Very fine talking, retorted George Lamb, but in fact, love is the most arbitrary passion we are susceptible of. If you torture a man, he must naturally hate you.

Do you believe in God? I asked.

Et vous, Madame? said George Lamb.

I do indeed, I replied, believe in his goodness, but not in his vengeance. I dread and abhor the idea of offending him; because I believe he would forgive all my faults.

George Lamb looked incredulous.

If I do really believe in a God, and an

hereafter, would you have me affect to be a disbeliever: because there is an ironical smile on your countenance.

Not at all, replied George Lamb, with honest truth, or the resemblance of it, at least; not at all; those who do believe in God, are mean and contemptible, when they feel ashamed of confessing their faith.

Take him all in all, I rather like George Lamb, notwithstanding they say he does eat too much dinner, which occasions him to drink too much wine, in order to wash too much dinner down. This does not however prevent his being one of the frankest men I ever met with.

I did not altogether like Elliston in Wild Oats. He made too many faces, and reminded me of the minor theatres, where grimace is in considerable request. Perhaps, also, since the time I fell in love with him, in the honey-moon, he was

all the worse for having presided over a small theatre, as manager, for several years. He joined us, after the play, and being tipsy, which is generally the case with him, I thought him very pleasant, although, as I have since discovered, there, is not a heavier, more matter-of-fact, stupid companion on earth, than Elliston, when he is sober.

I asked George Lamb if he had heard Mr. Livius's new piece ?

Part of it only; but from what I saw, I think it must be a very lively petite comedy, answered Lamb.

Elliston made very free with us all, and especially with George Lamb ?

As soon as the curtain dropped, and we were all seated in the carriage, Elliston got in a passion with Livius's coachman, for not immediately moving on.

What the devil is the matter ? said he, what detains your man ? All this fuss

about a rascally three hundred pound house, and not twenty carriages ! !

I told you Munden's day was over, and that he would not fill the house, before you engaged him for to-night, —said George Lamb.

I say, answered Elliston, Munden would have filled the house, if it had been a fine night.

Not he, said George Lamb, your coronation might, but not Munden.

Hold your tongue, you are a whig, said Elliston, and George Lamb was silent, after a grunt.

But what, in the name of the devil, is your ass of a coachman keeping us here for, said Elliston.

Why, Livius, I thought you piqued yourself on being, at all times, remarkably well appointed.

Livius confessed he knew not what to make of it; and put out his head to en

quire of his footman what was the reason of being kept stationary.

The footman's voice was drowned by the vociferation of Eiliston, from the opposite window.

Where's Townsend, or any of the constables?

A constable approached the carriage.

Why the devil dont you manage better? roared out Elliston. Why is the road blocked up in this manner?

It is not blocked up at all, Mr. Ellison, answered the constable. It's nothing in the world, but the coachman as he is so drunk, he can't sit on his box.

God bless my soul! said Livius, and then he called out again to his footman to know what was the matter.

The footman either could not, or did not choose to explain.

Get you then on the box, and drive us home, Jem, said Livius.

No sooner said, than done. Jem having mounted the box, intreated his fellow servant to give up the reins.

Touch my honour, touch my life, said the coachman, who absolutely refused to part with the whip.

D——n his rascally drunken soul ! said Elliston, trying to force open the carriage door. I'll settle him ! Trust me for having him off his perch in half a second. Of all things I abhor a drunkard.

For God's sake, Elliston, be quiet, said George Lamb.

You seem to take it perfectly easy, said I, to Lamb, seeing that all our precious necks are in danger.

We must take our chance, answered Lamb, quietly. The only thing I particularly dread, is the idea of Elliston attempting to drive us home himself : I can bear any thing but that. The coachman and footman now appeared to be fighting

on the box. Livius was scolding and bawling out of one window, Elliston faisant un bruit telle qu'il n'y en eu jamais en enfer, at the other, because he could not get the coach door open, and nobody would come to his assistance. At last, he succeeded : the footman made room for him on the box, and Elliston quietly threw the drunken coachman off, on to the pavement, box-coat and all, in spite of his swearing and kicking.

Livius got out of the carriage, and picked the man up to ascertain that he was alive,as he fell without uttering a groan.

Oh ! for shame, you cowardly wretch, to treat an honest, poor coachman in that brutal way! Why you've killed him, poor dear soul ! said an old hag, who happened to pass at the instant.

Elliston, still smarting with the knocks, kicks, and scrotches, he had got in his scuffle with the obstinate coachman, was

not in a very gentle humour. The woman forced herself in his way, and he, I presume, pushed her, rather ungallantly, aside.

Oh, you coward! oh, you coward! screamed out the woman; strike a woman! hay;—here's a coward for you!

Oh! Mr. Elliston, said I, shaking my head at him, as he stood at the carriage-window.

I only touched her just so, said Elliston, tapping me on the head.

Just so! repeated his fair antagonist. Why he has half killed me! Here, watchman! watchman!

The rattle was sprung, and behold Elliston and Livius, surrounded by the guardians of the night.

What became of the coachman, I know not; but, in about five minutes more, Elliston jumped into the carriage, and

ordered the footman to drive to Mr. Livius's Hotel, in Dover-street.

Where is Livius? asked we all three, in a breath.

Gone to the watch-house, said Elliston, with the most perfect composure.

How so? asked George Lamb.

What has he done, enquired the young lady, in a pet, declaring that no one had been to blame but Mr. Elliston; therefore she would not stir till Mr. Livius was safe.

Nonsense, nonsense! fair lady. Let him use my uame at the watch-house!

Where, I presume, you are well known Mr. Mountebank, added I.

One of us must have gone, said Elliston, laughing, and I tell you he will join us before we have finished our supper. It serves him right, for having a drnnken coachman. Why all our necks would

have been broken by this time, but for me.

To hear that man talk, said George Lamb, one might, almost, be led to believe he was a very fine fellow!

On our arrival at Livius's lodgings, in Dover street, we found an elegant, cold supper, laid out, with plenty of champagne on the side-board.

Your master is gone to the watch-house, said Elliston, and has requested me to do the honors. Ah! ah! continued he, taking up one of the soup plates, we have white soup, I presume? I am very fond of white soup, and am very hungry. Pray bring it up directly.

The young lady and I, declared that it was a shame, and a sin, to sit down, without Livius.

George Lamb begged leave to differ in opinion; because, he wanted his supper.

Elliston insisted, and the white soup

made its appearance. In about a quarter of an hour after we were seated, Livius entered the room, quite out of breath.

Did not I tell you as he would soon join us? said Elliston.

Sit down, my dear Livius. Your white soup was so excellent, that there is none left. You used my name, of course, at the watch-house?

If he had, he would have been kept there for a week, observed George Lamb, and Elliston laughed heartily, though very slily.

This, said Elliston, drawing out a small unbound volume, from his pocket, this is the French farce, from which Kemble has taken the new piece he is to bring out next Thursday.

What think you of our getting it up the same evening?

Let me see it, said Livius. Elliston

desired that he would translate a few lines.

George Lamb, and Elliston, together, after they had listened to a page or two, with one voice, exclaimed, very stupid.

Mine is but mere literal translation, said Livius. Harriette, no doubt, could make something of it.

Will you oblige me by undertaking it, madam, enquired Elliston, and completing it in two days?

If any body can be found to accomplish the songs, I observed, I won't be behind hand.

I will rhyme them in English, said George Lamb, if you really wish it.

And I will set them to music, added Livius, provided Mr. Lamb will sit up all night, to get them done in time for me.

I think it won't answer, said George, and be only tiring the poor performers,

as well as ourselves, to no purpose ; but, if you really have fixed your heart upon the thing, I will devote a night, and finish the songs.

Elliston waxed more generous, as he waxed more drunk, and, suddenly, throwing the farce behind the fire, exclaimed, this competition with the other house, is paltry, and ungentlemanlike. I will have none of it. It is in too bad a taste; besides, said he, half in mockery, Mr. Livius's piece is to have such a run, we shall want nothing else all the season!

Apropos, of that little piece, said I, I wish Livius would play the songs, and sing them to us.

Livius was immediately seated at the piano-forte. When he got to the last chorus-song, Elliston jumped up, declaring he was to sing that with the rest ,and had not yet heard a word of it. He then

began, with a serious face, accompanying Livius.

Oh 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love.

Elliston! bawled out George Lamb, why the deuce don't you come and finish your supper? I want to speak to you.

Elliston took no notice; but continued his Oh! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love.

Livius, then, said George Lamb, I want to ask you whether you have places, to spare, for your night?

Elliston won't allow me to leave off, replied Livius, still continuing to play, to Elliston's, Oh! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love!

Leave off, you blockhead! said George Lamb, to Elliston. I will lay you fifty guineas, that you do not repeat one line, as Livius has written it, either in your song or your speech.

Elliston appeared to agree, and give up

the matter, as hopeless, for, darting from the piano-forte, towards Livius's young, female friend, who still continued at table, he gave her such an ardent embrace, that she was quite frightened, and then, as I sate next, he conferred the same honour on me.

Good heavens! what a mountebank is here! said I, pushing him from me.

George Lamb sate next; for he had not half finished his supper. Elliston placed himself in a theatrical attitude, ready to embrace him.

And, as to you, my George! said he, with much pathos.

For God's sake, exclaimed George Lamb, with his mouth full of dried cherries, for God Almighty's sake, do not play the fool with me!

Elliston now seated himself by my side, and said, in a whisper, Don't you want tea?

No, but you do, I see, answered I, and I had the charity, to request Livius to give me some tea.

Elliston did the honors of the tea-table. The tea had a surprising effect in making him stupid; because it made him sober. He politely offered me his private box, for Livius's night, and regretted that it was not a better one. It was a large box, on the stage; but rather too high up. Livius had a private box to himself, and tickets for a host of friends.

It is three o'clock said I, at last, and I dare not risk my petite santé, another instant.

Good people are so scarce! added George Lamb.

No, I added, I am good for very little. You will find better people every day, and wiser; but nobody at all like me.

George Lamb expressed himself quite of this opinion.

It was past four o'clock, in the morning, when I got home.

The Duke of Leinster, Harry De Roos, and Sophia, dined with me, on the following day. Just as we were about to sit down to dinner, Lord Deerhurst was announced.

Dear me, how tiresome, said Sophia.

Do not send him here, pray, said Leinster, and De Roos, in the same breath. I went down, to ask him what he wanted? and informed him of my dinner-party, with whom, I knew he was unacquainted.

Oh, I wish much to know the Duke of Leinster, so pray do introduce me, said Deerhurst.

No, I answered, I shall do no such thing. That's frank and flat. If you don't like Sophia to dine here, you may, with her consent, take her away with you; but I will never present you, to any friend of mine. Sophia told you, this morning,

that she was to meet the Duke of Leinster, and his cousin.

Certainly, answered Deerhurst, I have not the slightest objection; but do, there's a dear, good creature, present me to the Duke of Leinster.

You are, in all and every thing, the meanest man on earth, was my civil remark.

You refuse then? said Deerhurst,

I do, repeated I, impatiently, and you must now allow me to wish you a good morning, as we are going to dinner immediately.

Then, said Deerhurst, I must introduce myself, that's all: and, disregarding all I could say or do to prevent him, he ran into the drawing-room, took off his hat, with a low bow, and said,

Duke, allow me to introduce, and earnestly recommend to your notice, Viscount Deerhurst.

The Duke had no pride, and was very mean and stingy, nobody more so; but he paid his bills, and was, what the world calls, an honourable man. To do him common justice, I do not think he would like to break his word, however much it might be to his interest, and well as he loved money. He disliked Deerhurst's character, and was too natural, and not half polite enough, to conceal his displeasure, at being so unceremoniously intruded upon. He bowed, very slightly, without speaking, and the smile, with which he greeted his lordship, was scarcely perceptible.

Harry de Roos was as proud, as he was shy, and took no sort of notice of Deerhurst, beyond rising from his chair, when his lordship turned from his grace to his cousin.

Deerhurst's stock of assurance was not to be diminished by two mere boys. He

seated himself near Sophia, ever certain of her unqualified approbation at all events.

Well, Soph, my love, are you glad to see me?

Yes, I am very glad, indeed, replied Sophia.

I'll tell you something, Lord Deerhurst, said I. I do not like quarrelling with people, and especially in my own house; but, seriously, I must tell you that these gentlemen expected to meet Sophia and me only, and your intrusion is really a little cool.

Sophia said I was quite right, it really was very cool indeed, and she had heard his grace request that we would fix on a day, when nobody else was coming.

If his grace will say, he wishes to get rid of me, I am off, remarked his lordship.

What could the easy tempered Leinster

do less, than declare his happiness to see him.

Deerhurst possesses talents, and can be very agreeable. He was growing tired of being cut by so many respectable people; therefore he set about winning the friendship of the Duke of Leinster. He talked of sailing, and boats, big fiddles, and Irish watchmen, praised to the skies, such of the Irish nobility as lived on their estates, and imitated the Irish brogue, as though he had been practising it all the days of his life. Leinster was delighted with him,

After dinner, Luttrell called to say, that Amy gave her first party, since her confinement, on this evening, and had permitted him to say that, as it was a mutual convenience, that we should meet, civilly, at parties, and neither friendship nor intimacy was necessary for that purpose, she was ready to ratify the engage-

ment, made between us, a few years back, to offer me no insult, and desired I would go to her, in the course of the evening, and bring as many of my male friends as I pleased.

I asked Leinster and De Roos, if they would like to take me to Amy's with them?

Most willingly, was their answer.

Make no apologies for not asking me, said Deerhurst, for, with all my impudence, I do not think I could face that tartar of a sister of yours, without a special invitation.

Are you fond of looking at jewellery? I asked Luttrell.

Very, answered Luttrell, and I believe, I am rather a good judge too.

Then, said I, Sophia, my dear, if you have brought your jewels with you, pray ask Mr. Luttrell's opinion of their value.

Sophia drew, from her reticule, two

smart jewel-boxes, of Love the jeweller. These are the jewels which were presented to my sister, by Viscount Deerhurst, said I, as I handed them to Mr. Luttrell.

The box contained a necklace of large green glass beads, set in yellow metal. There was a leaden ring, with a blue bead in it, a small Tunbridge-ware tooth-pick case, with

When this you see remember me,

superscribed on it, and two brass seals, one with the name of Sophia on it, the other with a little winged figure, evidently meant for a cupid, or a parrot; but it was very difficult to decide which it most resembled. Every body laughed heartily; but the loudest laughter of our party was Viscount Deerhurst.

And then, said Deerhurst, trying to recover himself, and then, having won the young lady, by dint of these valuable jewels, Robinson, the attorney of Bolton

street, first draws up an agreement to secure to her an annuity of three hundred a year, and the next day, tells you his agreement is not worth sixpence!!

There was only one of our society who carried politeness so far, as to seem amused at such disgusting profligacy.

Luttrell looked, with unqualified contempt, on his lordship. Leinster and de Roos, considering themselves too young to set an example, or reform the age, fixed their eyes steadily on the carpet, while de Roos's fair cheek was tinged with a deep blush. Sophia alone joined Lord Deerhurst in his laugh; declaring that it was very funny to be sure.

Lord Deerhurst said I, Sophia, is my sister, and, if she chooses to submit to insult, and ill usuage from you, it shall not be in my house, where you were not invited.

Sophia immediately worked herself up

into a passion of tears, declaring that she did not want to be insulted, and would much rather not return to Lord Deerhurst, who, she was sure, was a very nasty man indeed, and hardly ever washed his head.

Deerhurst, carelessly, declared himself quite ready to support the dire calamity, and wished of all things, Sophia would live with her sister, Harriette.

The man is not worth a thought, much less a tear, said I to Sophia. You are welcome to my house, as long as I have got one to share with you; in the mean time let us drive to Amy's. Sophia did not accompany us; but retired, with Lord Deerhurst, who had remarked in her ear, that I was jealous, and wanted him myself.

I think Harriette is a litle jealous really, so I'll go home with you, to make her mad, said Sophia.

And off they went.

Amy's drawing room was quite full. She looked very well, and fairer, as well as less fierce, than before her confinement. Fanny appeared unusually lovely, dressed, in a pale, pink, crape dress, which set off her rosy, white, delicate skin, to the greatest advantage; and, with her unadorned, bright auburn curls, waving, carelessly, around her laughing, dark blue eyes and beautiful throat, she seemed, the most desirable object in the room. Julia was very fair too; perhaps her skin was whiter than Fanny's and of quite as delicate a texture; but it had not the vermillion tinge, and the blue veins were less defined. Both were of the highest order of fine forms. They were also of the same height, which was that, best adapted to perfect symmetry; their feet and ancles, were alike models, for the statuary's art, and Fanny's shoes fitted

Julia as well as her own; but Fanny's hair was dark, and more glossy than Julia's. Fanny's teeth were beautiful, while Julia's though strong, were uneven, and Fanny's smile was infinitely more attractive than Julia's, whose countenance was, in fact, as I think I have before mentioned, rather harsh than pleasing. Yet there was such a decided resemblance, in their tout ensemble, that every body mistook Julia for Fanny's elder sister.

This evening, Julia, I suppose, with a view to outshine us all, wore a dress of white silvered lama, on gauze, and a Turkish turban, of bright blue, fringed with gold. There was a voluptuous, and purely effeminate langour about Julia's character, which was well adapted to the eastern style of dress. The large, strait, gauze sleeve, did not at all conceal the symmetry of her beautiful arm. Fanny's dimpled arms were quite uncovered, and

encircled with elegant, but simple bracelets, composed of plaited hair, clasped with a magnificently brilliant ruby. They were both infinitely graceful. Fanny would lay her laughing face on her folded arms, reclining on her table, while she made some odd reflections, or she would fasten her pocket handkerchief, or her shawl, across her head, and ears, when she felt the air affect her head, without enquiring, of her glass, whether she had thus added to, or diminished her attractions; yet every thing became her; or rather all were determined to think faultless, her, in whose beautiful eyes, shone the warmest philanthropy, whose every work and action proved the desire she ever felt, to make others appear to advantage.

Julia's attitudes, though graceful, were studied and luxurious; but always modest, and effeminate.

Amy wore a yellow satin dress, fastened round the waist, with a gold band. Her profuse raven-locks, were entirely unadorned, and her neck, arms and fingers, were covered with glittering jewels of every colour. My own evening dresses were invariably composed of rich, figured, white, French gauze, over white satin; and I never wore any ornaments in my hair, of which I was not a little proud; but my ear-rings were of unusual length, and consisted of diamonds, rubies and turquoise stones. A Mrs. Armstrong, whom Amy had lately patronised, was of the party. She was the chere amie, of Colonel Armstrong, an aid-de-camp of the Duke of York. It was said of the duchess, that she carried her charity so far, as to send yearly presents, to the mistress of her royal husband's aid-de-camp; but if this were really true, I have always heard that, in all but the cere-

mony of marriage, the mother of Colonel Armstrong's children, from her steady adherence to her protector, during seven years, and her resistance of temptation, which assailed her in every shape, deserved the encouragement of the great and the good.

In spite of the strict economy, which she invariably practised, the colonel had lately decided that his circumstances would not, in common prudence, admit of his running the slightest risk of increasing his family.

We will be excellent friends, my love, said he, to his better half; but friends only. This may be very easy at the age of fifty; but his Lucy was still in the prime of youth, possessing very warm passions, and, old as he was, she loved her Tommy dearly, and was very melancholy at his determination.

We cannot have seperate beds, you know, my dear, said Lucy; because there is not a spare bed, in the house.

That is true, my love, answered her Tommy, but it really must be all the same.

Lucy sighed heavily.

Go, and visit your friend Amy, my dear, said the kind colonel; it will enliven you; and sinee our family is not to be increased, I can afford to put my last dozen of shirts out to be made. Now that our boy, William, can run alone, there is no necessity for my poor Lucy making such a slave of herself.

Alas! thought poor Lucy, I am terribly afraid of being tempted, in Amy's gay society; but she did not say so.

Lucy was a very neat, lady-like, little creature, who used to wear very fine muslin gowns, ornamented with her own beautiful embroidery. Her teeth were ex-

tremely white and regular, and her lips of bright vermillion; but I could not discern any other beauty in her. Nevertheless she was a great favourite with the men, and would make fifty conquests, while Julia was bungling with one. Lucy had a way of disarming the most impudent, when they attempted to take the slightest liberty, with her: not by her dignified deportment, nor by her wit; but by the mere simplicity of her truly modest carriage, which was so far removed from prudery, that nobody knew how to offend her.

This evening was set apart for dancing, and Fanny and Julia, being the very best dancers in the room, were in their glory.

All the world were, or wished they were there, but many could not get further than the passage, the whole house being so crammed. Among others, was the man they call the dancing Montgomery, although perhaps, I do him too

much honour, by putting him in print; he was such a slovenly unlicked cub, of what particular family I am ignorant; but it was clear this man had originally been designed by nature for a lout, only he went to Paris, and came home a dancer, every inch of him, below the girdle. As for his shoulders and arms, they continued as before. Frenchmen cannot work miracles, like German princes! but they converted into a fop, this ready-made clown, to the utter discomfiture of our gauzes, and India muslins, which were sure to suffer, as often as we ventured to employ him to hand us tea, negus, or orgeat.

Would you like to dance, said George Brummell, to Mrs. Armstrong, en passant.

I have only just left off, answered she, rising, and curtseying, with much politeness; but I am never tired of dancing.

You have a dancing face, Brummell quietly observed, fixing his eyes steadily on her countenance for a second or two, and then passing on.

Poor Lucy, she afterwards declared to us, was never so ashamed, and humbled since she had been born.

All this time, Montgomery's thick, straight locks, were steadily beating time, on his watery forehead, as he trod the mazy dance, with all his might, footing it away most scholastically. He did indeed dance famously; but then he was always out at the elbows, which appeared to have no connexion whatever, with his feet, particularly on this eventful night, when one of his elbows came in such neighbourly contact with the eye of the poor Duc de Berri, who was just entering the room, while Montgomery was swinging short corners, near the door, as sent his royal highness reeling backwards.

Tout le monde fut au desespoir ! !

Mon Dieu ! Quel malheur, monsieur le duc ! said Amy.

Rien, rien du tout, answered the good-natured Duc de Berri, holding his handkerchief to his eye.

Il y a tant de monde ici, ce soir, et la salle n'est pas grande, comme vous voyez, monsieur, said Fanny, to his highness ; as usual, endeavouring to excuse and conciliate all parties.

Ma fois ! je n'y vois goutte ! said the duke, laughing, with his handkerchief still before his eyes.

Montgomery came forward to express his regrets ; but it was plain, from his manner, that he did not at all attribute the accident to any thing like awkwardness on the part of himself or his elbows, of which he seemed not a part. However, I do not mean to depreciate Mr. Montgomery's dancing, in the least ; only do

but give him elbow-room, and he will astonish you!

Mr. Quintin Dick, of Curzon-street, May Fair, was now announced, and contrived to make his way towards Amy.

Quintin Dick is a man of fifteen or twenty thousand a year; at least, so I guess; for there is no object on which people are more likely to be mistaken in, than that of private finances. However, in spite of his fortune, Quintin Dick is, and has been, one of the most unpopular men within the United Kingdom. By birth an Irishman, by trade a linen-draper, no, by-the-by, I am wrong, it was his father, who, they say, dealt in linen, and not Quintin himself, carrotty Quintin, of whom I cannot say I ever knew any particular harm. I, however, took it for granted, that he was mean, and vilely

shabby, having never heard two opinions on that point.

I remember Colonel Armstrong telling me, one day at Brighton, that the woman who ever got a shilling, or a shilling's worth, out of Mr. Quintin Dick, ought to be immortalized. I immediately resolved to make the attempt. Meeting Dick, the next morning, on the Steyne, I told him that I had taken a fancy to an article of millinery, which I was, at that moment, too poor to purchase, though the price of it was under five pounds. Can it be credited! he actually requested permission to send it home.

Armstrong would not believe me, till I shewed him the receipt. Au reste, Quintin is the man, to whom somebody is said to have remarked, observing that he wore the wrist-bands of his shirt-sleeves so fashionably low, as to pass his knuckles,

I am sorry, Mr. Dick, to see that you have so much linen on hand. It strikes me, however, that this must be a joke of a hundred years old. No matter. He came this evening, to ask us three sisters, as well as Julia and Mrs. Armstrong, to dine with him, on the approaching Saturday.

Who are your men? I asked.

Lords Hertford and Alvanly, the Hon. J. Ward, Nugent, Luttrell, and another man or two, whose names I have forgotten, Dick replied.

We all accepted his invitation, on account of his party. For himself, he was a man of very few words. In fact, he scarcely ever spoke at all; and, when he did, he attempted to be satirical; but his were the very worst attempts, I ever heard.

Montagu, the relation of the lady in Gloucester-place, of chimney-sweeping notoriety, assisted to keep up the spirit

of the dance. Ward walked about, repeating Greek and latin verses to himself as usual. He made love to Amy and Fanny alternately. I once knew a mistress of his, nay two! Perhaps I may tell you what sort of a character they gave him, some other time. Napier came sneaking and grinning into the room, and informed us, that either Lord Bath or Lord Bathurst, I forget which, was bringing him into parliament.

More shame for you, who ought not to have given up your independence for millions, said I.

You cannot now vote against the man who gives you a seat.

Napier shewed his teeth, merely observing, you have such a comical way of talking to one.

Lord Fife now came sailing up the room, and all the women immediately made up to him, My lord, said one, have you spoken

to the manager, about bringing my young friend out, at the opera house this season ?

Yes, yes, said Fife, nodding his head, I saw him to day; he expects her. When you take her to him, send in my card, and he will receive you well.

Dear Lord Fife, said another, we want to go to Elliston's masquerade.

Certainly, certainly, to be sure, answered the good-natured Fife, still nodding assent, I will send you tickets to-morrow.

And I, said Amy, want a box at Covent Garden, on Monday.

To be sure, to be sure, still continued the promising earl.

Lord Fife, said I, Sir Harcourt Lees wants to shoot grouse this season, on your estate in the North.

To be sure, tell me when he goes, and I'll give him a letter to my brother.

I know an excellent old Frenchwoman

said Mrs. Armstrong, who wants you to buy a watch of hers.

Let her come to me in the morning, to be sure! to be sure!

I could not help laughing, at Lord Fife. Why what a good natured man you are, said I.

Oh! answered Fife, I have such female levees every morning you'd be surprised. People of the first respectability, I assure you, do me the honour to come, when they want money.

How very condescending, said I.

Too much so, some times, I can tell you, answered Fife, for one morning last week, I gave £. 500 among them; but this, you know, will not quite do every morning: besides time, time is what I regret; they take up all my time, I can't get out. It is often past seven, before I can get in my carriage, for the life of me,

and then I lose my dinner, to get out at all.

Why dont you make your servants deny you? said I.

Why I tried that, but then my valet denied me, one day, to a charming creature, whom I wished of all things, to see, and I was obliged to open my doors to them all again, lest this sweet girl should re-visit me, and, a second time, be refused.

I think it was on this evening, I saw Colonel Parker for the first time. He appeared to have seriously attached himself to my sister Fanny. He was an officer in the Artillery, and a near relation to Lady Hyde Parker, I believe. I was anxious to see poor Fanny comfortably settled, and her tastes being all so quiet, and her temper so amiable, I knew that riches were by no means necessary to her felicity. Colonel Parker possessed a comfortable independence, and was very

anxious to have Fanny entirely under his protection. She shall bear my name, and I will shew her all the respect a wife can require, and she shall always find me a gentleman, said he. I could not, however, help thinking, that Fanny, with her strictly honest principles, her modest, amiable character, and her beauty, ought to have been Parker's wife, instead of his mistress, and therefore I did not advise her to live with him. His person was elegant; fine teeth and fine hair, was, however, all he had to boast of, in the way of beauty; but Fanny did not like handsome men, and appeared, very much, to admire and esteem Colonel Parker. I do not exactly know what aged man he was; but I should think him under thirty.

I could not but observe the gay Montagu and his wonderful luck in addressing himself to witty persons. He was now laughing himself almost into hysterics, at some-

thing Mr. Dick said to him at one of the windows. Then I heard him say, capital! charming! in answer to something which the Duc de Berri, had said. At last I saw him talking to Leinster. This will decide it, said I to myself; for if he says any thing is excellent, or charming, or capital! that his grace utters, I know what I will do. I had scarcely settled the business in my own mind, when I saw Montagu blowing his nose in an agony of laughter, at something superexcellent, which he declared the poor bog-trotter, Leinster, had uttered! This was too much, well as I love a civil man; so, calling Montagu to my side, after having placed myself close to some noisy people, who were talking and gesticulating, with all their might, I asked him if he had heard an excellent story about Amy and Harry Mildmay?

No, but pray tell it me directly: it must be so very excellent.

Listen then, said I, and I began to laugh and to say you must know Amy met Mildmay in the park; and then I went on with a few unconnected words, affecting suitable action, and to be half dead, or quite choked with laughter. So far from repeating any thing like a story, I did not connect two words of common sense together; and, if I had, we were in such a noisy neighbourhood I conld not have been heard, yet Montagu, with equal reason, once more gave full play to his risible faculties, and appeared quite as delighted with my story, as he had been with Leinster's, declaring aloud it was the very best thing he had ever heard, in his whole life.

But I am tired of this party of Amy's, therefore my kind readers will permit me to change the subject.

The next day, I was remarking to my young admirer, the Duke of Leinster, that life was nothing without a little love; and

then begged him to say who was best worth having.

I think the Duchess of Beaufort's brother, Lord George Leveson Gower, the the most desirable man, I ever saw, said Leinster.

How is one to obtain a sight of your beauty?

I cannot assist you; and if I could I would not, his grace replied.

I do not care, said I to myself, after Leinster had left me, I am not going to sit down all my life to love this fool. I must have something for the mind to feed on.

I was interrupted, while making these wise reflectious, by a visit from Wellington!

Here is a thing in the shape of an intellectual companion, thought I!

After Wellington had left me, I entirely forgot him: nay before; for I now recollect that he said something about my bad

taste, in talking on subjects irrelevant to what was going on; such as a remark I might have made about my rose-tree, or my dinner, when I ought to have been all soul!! No matter! The soul's fire is partly kept alive by dinner; or, whether it is or not, still dinner, or even a rose-tree is infinitely more interesting than the Wellington!

First love is all in all, say a great many writers, and a great many more old maids, particularly ugly ones, who have been courted only once for first and last, and must even make the best of it. For my own part, if I am to credit the quiet, unimpassioned assertion, of the Duke of Argyle, who knew human nature well, after the hey-day of mere blind love was over, I must believe myself, not naturally given to change.

Harriette, said Argyle, is more steady in her attachments, than almost any

woman, of her celebrity, so surrounded with flatterers, whom I have ever met with.

Of course, my fair readers would not have me guilty of such extreme ill breeding as to differ in opinion, from a noble duke! Nevertheless, I confess that I had only ceased to love one, who was bound for life, to another, and who had most cruelly trifled with my feelings, while he took a most unfair advantage of my youth, of my warmth of heart, and of my total lack of experience.

I now felt le besoin d'aimer, with almost the same ardour, as when I used to follow the handsome stranger and his large dog, which induces me to believe, that never did a fair lady die of love for one man, whilst others, equally amiable, were dying for her smiles.

In a fit of folly, I wrote a letter to Lord G. L Gower, requesting him to

come and meet me in the Regent's Park, at eleven o'clock on a Sunday-morning; at the same time assuring him, that desirous as I was, from all I had heard of his perfections, to make his acquaintance, yet, if he expected to please me, he must shew me just as much respect, and humble deference, as though I had not ordered him up to Mary-le-bone fields, to be looked at.

Lord G. L. Gower's reply was:

I do not usually answer such letters; but there is something so eccentric, and uncommon in your's, that I cannot resist complying with your request, therefore you will find me at the appointed time and place.

G. L. GOWER.

As the hour drew near for fulfilling my engagement, in the Regent's Park, I

recollected, that I did not, in the least, know the person of Lord G. L. Gower, and felt much puzzled, how I should contrive to distinguish him, from any handsome man who might happen to be enjoying the fresh air, towards Primrose-hill. However, trusting to chance, or sympathy, or that instinct, by which, according to Falstaff, the lion knows the true prince, I dressed myself, with unusual care, and contrived to be punctual. I observed a tall, rather handsome, and gentlemanly man, looking about him; but as I felt at once, that he was not, in any respect, cut out for the honor of filling up the void in my heart, I prayed the God of Love, to send me a better subject.

However, there was nothing to be seen at that early hour on Sunday morning, which in the least resembled a gentleman, or even, in their Sunday new coats and bran new yellow leather gloves, could be

mistaken for one, that came within a mile of me.

This must be Leinster's Apollo, said I. How could I address myself to such a booby? True, this man may, perhaps, have a certain indescribable charm about him, a je ne sais quoi, which may not be discoverable at the first glance! I ventured to raise my eyes to his face, and, if I did not laugh, I looked as though I was thinking about it; and, on this, he spoke, and smiled, and blushed, and bowed.

I conceived that, having brought a man up to Mary-le-bone Fields; on such a terribly hot morning, it would not have been fair, or lady-like, to have dismissed him, until I had given his talents and powers of pleasing, a fair trial. I walked him up to the tip top of Primrose Hill, and then towards Hampstead, and then back again to Great Portland-street.

At last his lordship made a full stop,

while he took off his hat, to wipe his face, declaring he could go no further, as he was quite unaccustomed to walking, and the sun was so very oppressive. He, therefore intreated that I would permit him to accompany me, immediately, to my house, if only to sit down and rest, or otherwise he apprehended—fever or sudden death!

I assured him that I was sorry, very sorry, and hoped such fatal consequences would not follow our little rural bit of pleasure; at the same time I could only express my regrets, while I frankly declared to him that he was not, in the least, the sort of person I wanted.

Lord George L. Gower was too proud, too well-looking, to be deeply wounded, at my determination, so he smiled, and bowed, and wished me good morning, declaring himself much amused with the eccentricity and frankness of my character.

It will not do, I see, to lay one's self out

for love, thought I, after his lordship had left me. It comes, like money, when one is not thinking about it. Reading is a much more independent amusement than loving. Books, one may cut, when one is tired of them; so I began immediately on arriving at home, with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters. The style was very unequal, I thought; now paltry and ungraceful, now elevated. The same observations were applicable to the sentiments she expressed. In some letters one would accuse her of being both indecent and profligate; in others she displayed herself as the most refined, elegant and delicate of her sex. I read as far as this passage:—Our vulgar notions that Mahomet did not own women to have any souls, is a mistake. It is true, he says they are not of so elevated a kind, and, therefore, must not hope to be admitted into the paradise appointed for the men, who are to

be entertained by celestial beauties. But there is a place of happiness destined for souls of the inferior order, where all good women are to be, in eternal bliss. Any woman that dies unmarried, is looked upon to die in a state of reprobation. To confirm this, I believe they reason that the end of the creation of woman is to increase and multiply, and that she is only properly employed in the works of her calling, when she is bringing forth children, or taking care of them, which is all the virtue God expects from her.

I threw the book down at this passage, beginning to feel very much ashamed of myself: I rang my bell, and sent to my bookseller for the History of Mahomet, hoping that most prolific prophet would put me in the way of obeying his commands in case, after duly studying his laws, I were disposed to turn Turk.

I seriously determined to chuse my own

religion, instead of following, blindly, that which happened to be my father's. If this determination be sinful, I must still think it ever has been, and ever will be the sin of all intelligent minds. The uneducated child, or the rudest clown who earns his hard fare by the sweat of his brow, and whistles, as he returns home, for want of thought, will give the same answers, when you ask why they say their prayers, namely, because the parson says I ought: but can any one, capable of thought, and deep reflection, rest their hopes of eternal weal, or woe, on the promises of others? Will it not occur to them, that accident has had much to do with their being Christians, or Jews, or Turks? Will not they be aware of the force of early impressions, good or bad, and, if but to impress on their mind, the wisdom and justice, as well as the superiority of the religion they were born in,

will they not compare it, steadily, with that of the greater part of the creation? It may be answered, that all religions are good; and we have but to act up to our belief of what is right, which is all that justice can require of us: yet will the ardent mind, while suffering under the various ills, which flesh is heir to, be led to doubt and to search eagerly into the reason why a just God, who is our father, has created us for so much misery?

I pondered a whole night on these expressive words of Lord Byron, in his Childe Harold:

Our life is a false nature, 'tis not in
The harmony of things—this hard decree,
This uneradicable taint of siu,
This boundless Upas, this all blasting tree,
Whose root is earth, whose leaves and branches
The skies, which rain their plagues on me like
dew,
Disease, death, bondage—all the woes we see
not, which throbs through

The immedicable soul, with heart-aches ever
new.
Yet, let us ponder boldly—'tis a base
Abandonment of reason, to resign
Our right of thought—our last and only place
Of refuge; this at least, shall still be mine:
Though, from our birth, the faculty divine
Is charmed and tortured—cabin'd, cribb'd, con-
fined,
And bred in darkness, lest the truth should
shine
Too brightly, in the unprepared mind,
The beam pours in, for time and skill will couch
the blind.

However all my time, and all my pondering, and all my skill, only confirmed me, the more steadily, in this opinion,—that I know nothing about it.

I had long been, sentimentally, in love with Lord Byron, and, some years previous to the publication of the last canto of Childe Harold, I had written to him to solicit the honor of his acquaintance.

If, my lord, said I, in my letter, to

have been cold and indifferent to every other modern poet, while I have passed whole nights in studyiug your productions, with the eagerness of one who has discovered a new source of enjoyment, as surprising as it was delightful, deserves gratitude from the vanity of an author, or the gallantry of a gentleman, you will honor me with a little of your friendship.

Would you believe, reader, this eloquent epistle obtained me no answer during three long days? I was furious, and wrote again to tell him that he was a mere pedant; that my common sense was a match for his fine rhymes; that the best of us poor weak mortals, and I acknowledged him to be at the head of the list, must still be ignorant, subject to sickness, ill-temper, and various errors in judgment, therefore was there little excuse for his impertinence, in presuming to find fault with the whole world, as he had done

in his English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, at an age when his natural judgment could not he matured. It was vulgar, and shewed the littleness, which such want of philanthropy towards our poor fellow creatures always must evince. Was he really so superior, and would he crush the poor worms, which dared not aspire to his perfections! or was he but a mere upstart-man, of extraordinary genius, without strength of mind to know what he would be at? Could he not, at least, have declined the honour, I wanted to confer on him, civilly?

This eloquent letter ended simply thus, after assuring him that it was now much too late to make my acquaintance, as I had changed my mind, and no longer desired it the least in the world—like the fox and the grapes—

you be hang'd!

HARRIETTE WILSON.

This, to a favorite, was tolerably severe; but, when I take a liking to a person, I must and will be something to them; so, if they will not like me, I always make it my business and peculiar care, that they shall dislike, and quarrel with me. Let me once get them into a quarrel, and I am sure of them.

The next day I received the following answer from Lord Byron, dated Albany, Piccadilly.

If my silence has hurt "your pride or your feelings," to use your own expressions, I am very sorry for it; be assured that such effect was far from my intention. Business, and some little bustle attendant on changing my residence, prevented me from thanking you for your letter as soon as I ought to have done. If my thanks do not displease you, now, pray accept them. I could not feel otherwise than

obliged by the desire of a stranger to make my acquaintance.

I am not unacquainted with your name or your beauty, and I have heard much of your talents; but I am not the person whom you would like, either as a lover or a friend. I did not, and do not suspect you, to use your own words once more, of any design of making love to me. I know myself well enough to acquit any one, who does not know me, and still more those who do, from any such intention. I am not of a nature to be loved, and so far, luckily for myself, I have no wish to be so. In saying this, I do not mean to affect any particular stoicism, and may possibly, at one time or other, have been liable to those follies, for which you sarcastically tell me, I have now no time: but these, and every thing else, are to me, at present, objects of indifference; and this is a good deal to

say, at six-and-twenty. You tell me that you wished to know me better; because you liked my writing. I think you must be aware that a writer, is in general very different from his productions, and always disappoints those, who expect to find in him qualities more agreeable than those of others; I shall certainly not be lessened in my vanity, as a scribbler, by the reflection, that a work of mine has given you pleasure; and, to preserve the impression in its favour, I will not risk your good opinion, by inflicting my acquaintance upon you.

Very truly your obliged servant,

B.

This was very dry; but, I had not aspired to Lord Byron's love and I did not despair of making his acquaintance. I am indeed surprised that I never fell in love with his lordship; but, certain it is,

that, though I would have given any thing to have been his most humble friend and servant, his beauty was of a nature, never to inspire me with warmer sentiments.

There was nothing whatever voluptuous in the character of it; it was wholly intellectual: and, as such, I honoured it; but give me, for my lover, an indolent being, who, while he possesses talents and genius to do any thing he pleases, pleases himself most and best in pleasing me! Au reste, I admire and look up to heroes! but indolent men makc the best lovers.

I was a long while before I could convince Lord Byron that, as a lover, he would never have suited me; and really did not excite any passion in my breast; but, from the moment I had succeeded, his lordship threw off all reserve, and wrote and spoke to me with the confidence of easy friendship and good will, as though

he had been delighted to find a woman capable of friendship, to whose vanity it was not at all necessary to administer by saying soft things to her.

On the Thursday which was to be big with the fate of Livius's farce, I took a party of friends to Mr. Elliston's private box. Drury-lane was crouded. Livius had, at least, eight people in the small box allotted to him, by the manager. He paid me a flying visit, and seemed as much agitated as though he were about to be tried for high treason. I proposed changing boxes with him, to accommodate his friends. He was highly delighted, and the exchange was made, much, I believe, to the annoyance of Mr. Elliston, though I knew not why it grieved him.

Livius's piece commenced almost as soon as we were quietly seated again. He was, certainly, much indebted to the exertions of all the very excellent per-

formers who played in it, particularly Elliston and Harley. The piece went off with spirit. I never saw a poor man tremble, as Livius did, during the first act. Who would write for the stage? thought I. Livius was all over the house at once; both before and behind the scenes. He could not rest any where.

Do sit down, said I, handing him a chair. Let the public be hanged! What great crime would there be if your little piece, happened not to be to their taste?

Oh, fancy, said Livius, the agitation of coming thus, before the public, for the first time!

Fiddlestick! said I.

He was now growing a little more tranquil, while Elliston was charming away his fears, as well as the ennui of the audience. It was at that part where he expresses his rapture at the beauty and loveliness of his valet's wife, while the unfortunate husband,

so well represented by Harley, stands in an agony, behind his master's chair, not daring to acknowledge his marriage, for fear of losing his place.

The piece to be performed next, was the Coronation. A man, in the pit, at that moment, when Elliston ought to have been most pathetic! mounted the boards, which were erected down the middle of the pit, I suppose to obtain a better view.

You must not stand there, Sir, vociferated Elliston to the man, in a loud angry voice, in the midst of his love-speech, to the utter dismay of poor Livius, who absolutely gasped for breath.

Sams, who was Livius's publisher, was in my box, and ventured to hiss, which example was followed by a faint vibration from the pit. The valet's wife looked rather silly at being thus cut, by her admiring swain. Elliston came forward,

as though ashamed of his impetuosity, and gracefully bowing, addressed the audience something to this effect :

As manager and proprietor of this theatre, I must request, and desire that none of you, gentlemen, mount those boards, and then, with all the impudence of the most perfect nonchalance, he turned round to his neglected fair one, and resumed his vows of love, from where he had left off.

Elliston is very drunk, said poor Livius, looking as pale as a ghost, with dread of what might follow.

Not so very drunk yet, neither, said I, since he has to play again, in the Coronation, to night.

Oh! said Livius, shaking his head, mournfully, Elliston always plays the king most naturally, when he is most drunk.

I have no doubt, answered I, that Ellis-

ton plays his part best when he has been drinking, since he is always so excessively stupid, and dull, when sober. Except this trifling interruption, your little piece has gone off without a single accident or blunder; so be calm, man!

Livius told me that he was about to bring out a young lady of infinite talent, as a singer. She is in my private box, and Elliston has promised to hear her best song, from the pit, after the audience have left the house, to-night.

I asked if I might remain to hear her?

Certainly, said Livius, and, for that purpose, I will conduct you to a private pit-box. The young lady is to sing on the stage.

Livius's piece was announced for the next night, amidst loud plaudits.

We may guess that Livius, naturally had a vast number of his own friends, among the audience. It was, in fact, a very trifling production, and yet it

was dramatic. However I never heard of it, after it had run its allotted time, though I think I have seen many worse things last longer.

I thought that I too might, perhaps, find amusement in writing something, from the French, for the stage—so I, some days afterwards fixed upon Moliere's comedy, of the Malade Imaginaire, which I hastily transformed into an English three act-piece!

But I forgot to mention what became of Livius's protegée.

After the audience had left the theatre, Livius handed me down stairs to a pit-box, saying I must now leave you to attend my poor, timid, young friend. The lamps and candles were all extinguished, when Elliston, threw himself, along the benches in the pit. Soon afterwards Livius came upon the stage, now lighted by a single lamp, conducting a very ill-favoured

young lady, in a shawl. She began to sing very scientifically, but her voice was not pleasing. Study had done much for her, while nature had been a niggard.

Elliston appeared to be going to sleep, as soon as he had heard the first verse of a most barbarously long song; but, accidentally observing me, he climbed up to my box, from the pit, making a noise, which altogether discouraged the poor young lady, by this rude inattention to her melody.

Why do not you play harlequin? said I.

I am too old, he replied: and then asked me how the farce went off?

Famously, I replied. I see you know how to profit by my advice, and you made fewer faces.

But you took a great liberty with the public, when you began scolding the audience, instead of minding what you were engaged in, I observed to him.

What business had that man to stick himself up there? Elliston asked.

From sympathy! He was looking at a mountebank!

During the whole of this time, the poor young lady was exerting herself, by the light of her solitary lamp, à pure perte!

It is really unmanly, I observed, to be so unfeelingly inattentive to a beginner, and one of the fair sex.

Oh! whispered Elliston, Livius wants to father all his old sweethearts on me, I believe. I do not allude to this lady, said he, laughing, it would be a libel on herself, and on mankind, to doubt her respectability; but then she cannot sing, and what is worse, he is going to bring me up three or four more next week.

Oh, mon Dieu! it has just occurred to me, that to have told this story of Elliston and Livius, in due time, it ought not to

have come in these eight years at soonest; and I must now go back with my Memoirs; but what does it signify to my readers, the story will do as well, and amuse as much, in my second volume, as in the last; and, if this book meets due encouragement, I may write something afterwards, with infinitely more regularity.

It is all settled, said Fanny to me, on the night before Mr. Dick's dinner-party, and I am to be Mrs. Parker.

I hope you will be happy, said I; but I wish you were married.

Why should poor Parker marry a woman, with a ready-made family? asked Fanny.

I declined offering an opinion, fearing to do harm.

Fanny was four years my senior, and possessed, perhaps, a larger portion of what is called common sense, than myself. Au reste, the thing was settled be-

tween her and Parker, who were to proceed together to Portsmouth, where Colonel Parker's regiment was stationed, after they had passed a fortnight at Brighton.

Suppose we make a party, and hire a house for you and Julia and me?

The very thing I wish, said Fanny; for London is growing very stupid. We meet no one but the Hon. Colonel Collyer and Lord Petersham about the streets.

Oh, yes, said I, we also see Lady Heathcote, and Lady Ann Windham.

And that makes it worse still, added Fanny; for I really believe neither of those good ladies have missed Hyde-Park or the Opera, one single night, for the last twenty years, or changed the colour of their chariot blinds; Heathcote, rosy red! and the gentle Ann's interesting yellow! How very tired I am of seeing these women!

Julia called on me, before Fanny had left, and our little excursion to Brighton was fixed for the following week.

When we had settled this important affair; my servant informed me that a lady requested to offer herself, in the place of Miss Hawkes, my late dame de compagnie, who had just left me, to be married to her cousin. I desired him to shew her up stairs. She came tripping into the room, with the step of a child. She wore short petticoats, and a small French bonnet, stuck at the top of her head. I should imagine her age to have been about forty: indeed she owned to six and twenty.

Who will recommend you, pray, madam?

The Countess Palmella, wife of the Portuguese Ambassador, in South Audley-street; I have been educating her children.

I asked if the countess's had been her first situation?

She replied in the affirmative.

What were you doing before that, pray, ma'am?

Why, said the lady, with much affectation, you see I was daily, nay hourly, expecting to get settled in life. I had a small property, and I went to Bath. Several of my friends had found charming husbands at Bath. However, time slipped away, madam, and, by some strange fatality or other, I exhausted my little resources, and did not manage to get settled in life: that is the truth of it.

It struck me that this curious woman, with the odd bonnet, would amuse me, as well as any other lion, pour le moment, and, being acquainted with Amy's poor beau, the Count Pamella, I told her she might come to me, the following day.

She seemed absolutely enraptured, as

though mine had been an atmosphere, which would rain men upon her, and our bargain was concluded. She was a straight, tall, long-backed lath, of a woman, with a remarkably long face, small twinkling eyes, fine hair, and a bad skin, in spite of the white paint, she used, to beautify it. So much for Miss Eliza Higgins!!

The next evening found us all quite rayonnante, waiting for our dinner, in Mr. Dick's elegant drawing room.

We will certainly not wait for Mr. Ward, said Dick, looking at his watch.

To be sure not, who the devil waits for men? exclaimed Lord Alvanly.

There was a thundering rap at the door, and then entered the Honourable Mr. Ward, looking, for all the world, like a tobacconist. He was followed by his servant to the very door of the drawing

room. He hoped he had kept nobody waiting?

To be sure not, said Alvanly, who the devil would wait for you?

I would, all my life, and with all imaginable patience, I observed.

Ha! ha! said Ward, growing pale, while he affected to be amused.

But, my excellent friend, Dick, said Ward, I must send back a note, by my servant, who is waiting for it.

Why, said Dick, the servants are going to serve the dinner immediately, and I should rather prefer your going into my dressing room to write your note.

I thank you, said Ward, with much asperity, I thank you, all the same; but I prefer, having the paper here, with your permission. With your permission, mind Dick!!

You may ring, if you please, said

Dick, carelessly, and then, I believe, retired for the express purpose of desiring his footman not to answer the bell. This I only surmise, from his remarking to me, in an under tone, afterwards, that Ward gave more trouble, than all the rest of the party put together, and he was delighted that the footman did not attend his summons.

Mr. Dick handed me down to dinner. Lord Hertford took care of Amy, Alvanly was ever Fanny's most obedient humble servant, and Ward held out his finger to Mrs. Armstrong; because Amy was better provided for. Luttrell was, as usual, unless some one bored or offended him, the life, and spirit of the whole party, when Ward would let him alone; but he was often interrupted by that learned gentleman's bawling, from the top to the bottom of a large table, his latin bon mots, at which he himself, solus, laughed

always most vociferously. He frequently addressed himself to our favorite Luttrell, not being so sure of any other man's Greek and Latin.

What a misfortune for you, said I, to Luttrell, that the little figure, at the top of the table, has faith in your classical knowledge, and then, addressing myself to Ward, friend, said I, we, at this end of the table, have all forgotten our Latin.

Dick! said Ward, whom I had put out of humour, there would be no harm in ordering a few coals. I'm starved.

Why, really, answered Dick, the fire cannot be better, nor will that grate hold any more coals.

That's your opinion, not mine; and Ward affected to laugh, as though he had said something witty.

I praised the very unaffected character of Lord Robert Manners, to Nugent, who sat next to me.

Ah! squeaked out the reptile Ward, stand up for Bob Manners, for I know he stands up for you.

Is that meant for a joke, or a matter of fact? asked I.

Fact! fact. Bob, as your friend, no doubt, stands up for you, whom he must so often hear abused.

What? a mighty member of the senate, fighting me, a silly woman, with my own weapons, seriously, and in sober anger, as though I were one of the lords of the creation, and a commoner? Then, indeed, I must ask pardon, of the honourable member, whom I must have sorely aggrieved. You say, my little spit-fire, that Lord Robert often hears me abused. All I answer is, look you at the breadth of his shoulders, before you presume to join the hue-and-cry against me, in his presence. You would not like a horse-pond: n'est ce pas?

Keep them to it, keep up the war betweeen them; it is so amusing. Harriette is the only match for Ward I ever met with, whispered Luttrell, to my neighbour, his half brother, Nugent.

Does any body mean to go Elliston's masquerade? asked Dick.

Certainly, said Mrs. Armstrong. It is to be a most brilliant thing, and the stage will exhibit all the decorations of Aladdin's Lamp, and I know not what besides: no dominoes, and a most comfortable, excellent supper.

I dare not go, said Alvanly, I am always afraid of getting into a row, at these sort of places, and having to fight.

Apropos of fighting, said I. Your lordship, if I remember, was formerly in the guards, I think? Why did you leave that regiment?

Why, I was afraid of being shot, said Alvanly, very quietly.

But were you not also afraid of being called a coward? I asked.

I was in two engagements, and distinguished myself in each, Alvanly replied.

How, pray? said the stiff John Mills, of the Guards, who, though, I believe, he had served in Spain, with Alvanly, I did not think worth a place, in my Memoirs.

I do not mean to say, that I ever volunteered any thing, said Alvanly, pulling up the collar of his shirt; but, at the same time, I never ran away, you know. They did not reward me, for my services, as I expected. However, I am quite contented, to have retired on half pay.

God bless your soul, continued his lordship, addressing himself to me, you have no idea what it is! Come on, my brave fellows. This is fine fun, my lads. You are obliged to find courage for yourself and your men too! I mentioned to two or three officers, at the time of action, that,

if it shonld please God, to see me safe out of that, I would give the enemy leave to cut off my head, if I did not sell out of the army, or retire on half pay, the moment I arrived in England. The fact is, I have had the same antipathy to the idea of fighting, from a child, and I never should have gone into the Guards at all, if I had imagined they would have left London.

Alvanly, shall I have the pleasure of drinking wine with you? asked Lord Hertford, from the top of the table.

Alvanly assented of course.

Madeira? asked Dick, handing Alvanly the bottle.

No; champagne, if you please. I can get madeira at home, said Alvanly.

I do not recollect that any of us were very agreeable that night, though we talked a great deal. Hertford's subject was death, pour encourager les autres.

Oh! it must be a dreadful tussle, at the

last! observed Alvanly, with such comical gravity of expression, as no pen could describe.

Oh, Amy! said Mrs. Armstrong, as soon as we women entered the drawing-room, to which Mr. Dick conducted us himself. Oh, Amy! my Tommy was so good and kind, last night!

How do you mean? cried Amy, abruptly.

Guess, said Lucy.

Very well, I do; but I cannot calculate the brave colonel's forces.

Oh! only once, Lucy answered.

How absurd! Amy remarked, turning towards the glass, and arranging her black locks.

Poor Julia scarcely spoke a single word the whole evening; indeed we had the greatest difficulty in persuading her to be of our party. She declared she could not endure to meet Amy, who had been

making love to Mildmay, merely because Julia adored him. Mildmay had paid due attention to Amy's ogling, had basked in the sunshine of her smiles, for nearly a fortnight, and then, just as she was growing tender, had cut her dead. Amy, seized with an unusual fit of frankness, shewed me Sir Henry's last letter, in which he begged to be excused coming to her, pour le moment: he was particularly engaged for the whole of the next week.

Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! said I, after reading this very impertinent letter, addressed to a fine woman, who had done him too much honour. How can you all encourage this cold-blooded heartless creature? Do pray let me write your answer directly, and you shall copy it. It will set poor Julia's mind at rest, and keep up, more or less, the dignity of the sex!

I wish you would, answered Amy, for

I hate him! but, as to Julia, it's nonsense her sticking up for Mildmay, he only laughs at the idea.

Julia began to shed tears at Amy's coarse remarks, and I wrote as follows, which Amy copied, and delivered into my hands, to be forwarded to the gay baronet, the next morning.

My dear Sir Harry,

I have ten thousand apologies to make to you, for being the most careless creature on earth! your letter of this morning, was brought to me just as I was writing to that angel, Ponsonby; and, before I could read the first line of your effusion, my servant brought me two more notes; so, in my bustle and confusion, I am afraid your's must have been the piece of paper I took up to light my taper with; for, though I desired my maid to make strict search after it, before I went out, she informed me,

in the evening, that it was not to be found. No matter, I give you credit for having said an infinity of soft things, and wish it were in my power de vous rendre les pareilles. Not but that I entertain a sincere esteem for you; to prove which, were I not about to leave town for Brighton, I should intreat you to continue your visits; but I am so unlucky as to have my time taken up entirely, just now. On my return, I hope to be more fortunate, and, if so, I shall certainly do myself the pleasure of sending you a card. In the mean time, Sir Harry will, I hope, believe me, like all the rest of my sex, deeply impressed with his merits,

and most truly and faithfully
his servant,
AMY SYDENHAM.

Julia recovered her spirits, as soon as this letter was in my possession, signed

and sealed, for she knew Mildmay too well to imagine he would forgive any one who wounded his self-love.

You will be surprised to hear that I have left your sister Sophia at home, said Julia.

We asked Julia about Lord Deerhurst, and she told us that Sophia felt herself so neglected, and uncomfortable, and disgusted, with her little lodging, that she had intreated Julia to take her as a boarder, and to which, she had that morning consented.

Amy asked Julia why she did not bring Sophia with her?

In the first place, answered Julia, I have passed my word to your mother, that Sophia shall not go out, except to walk with my own children; and, in the second, she was not invited.

The gentlemen joined us soon afterwards.

The first thing Alvany did, was to

break one of Mr. Dick's looking glasses, while playing some trick or other with a stick.

Dick grew sulky, and declared that, since the honor of his lordship's company was to be so expensive, he must decline it.

Alvanly said he was really sorry; bnt could not insult Mr. Dick by buying him another.

Dick assured him he was not touchy.

Oh, yes, said Alvanly, you will give yourself a good character of course; but I shall not impose upon your goodness by doing any thing half so rude.

As soon as we had taken our tea and coffee, we all went to the King's Theatre; but before Lord Hertford parted with us, he invited the females of this party to dinner.

We declared that we were going to Brighton, and had no time.

Name your own day, said Lord Hertford; to-morrow if you please; but come you must.

It shall be to-morrow, then, said Amy, replying for us all.

What a fine thing it is to be an elder sister, said I. I thought Amy could never have recovered her temper.

Lord Hertford, before he left us, politely offered to send a carriage for my sisters.

I found the Duke of Leinster in my box.

I am glad you have no men with you, said his grace, with somcthing like agitation of manner; for I want to speak to you.

Do you know, my friend, of whom I spoke to you, is come up from Oxford, on purpose to try to get introduced? I know he must return to college to night, and I am, I confess, rather anxious that he should be disappointed.

Nonsense, said Julia. Who is it pray?

The Marquess of Worcestcr, replied his grace.

Is he handsome? I enquired.

Not a bit of it, said the duke.

What is he like? Fanny asked.

I do not know any body he is like, upon my honor, unless it be his father. He is a long, thin, pale fellow, with straight hair.

You need not be alarmed, said I, I shall not be presented to your friend, if I can help it. I always tell every body I know, not to bring men here, without first coming up to ask my permission.

I know you do, said Leinster; since this is the answer Lord Worcester has received from several of your friends, to whom he has applied.

There he is! contined Leinster, leaning towards the pit. Do not you observe a very tall young fellow, in silk stockings, looking stedfastly up at this box. Upon

my honor he won't wear trowsers or curl his hair; because he heard that you dislike it.

It is very flattering, said I, eagerly looking out for him, with my opera-glass, an example which was followed by Julia and Fanny.

The young marquis was, at that time, too bashful to stand the artillery of three pair of fine eyes, at once, and turned away from our eager gaze! but not till I had satisfied myself, that he would not do for me, one bit better than his uncle, Lord G. L. Gower: and, in the next five minutes, I had forgotten his existence.

Lord Frederic Bentinck now came and asked me when I meant to keep my promise of accompanying him to Vauxhall?

Oh, we shall never get to Brighton, said Fanny, who doated on donkey-riding. Harriette will keep us in town all the summer, as she did last year.

Summer! interposed George Brummell,

entering in a furred great coat. You do not mistake this for summer, do you? A little more of your summer will just finish me, pulling up his fur collar.

Upon my honour, I think it very hot, said Leinster. It must be hot, you know, because it is August.

I never know the difference, for my part, Fred Bentinck observed. The only thing that ever makes me cold, is putting on a great coat; but then I have always a great deal to do, and that keeps me warm. Once for all, madam, will you go to Vauxhall on Monday night? If you will, I will put off my sister, and accompany you.

I assented, in spite of every thing Fanny and Julia could say to prevent me; for Fred Bentinck always made me merry.

What is Lord Molyneux doing with Mrs. Fitzroy Stanhope? said I, looking

towards that lady's box, where she sate, tête-à-tête, with his lordship.

How fond you are of scandal! observed Fred Bentinck.

Oh! Lord, no, answered I, on the contrary, I admire her taste. Who would not cut the very best swaggering Stanhope for a Molyneux?

Where do you expect to go to, Harriette? said Bentinck, for at least the twentieth time, since I had known him.

To Amy's to night, to Lord Hertford's to-morrow, and to Vauxhall on Monday, I replied.

And then to Brighton, I hope, continued Fanny.

We must see Elliston's masquerade first, said I.

A very respectable exhibition, indeed, observed Bentinck.

Oh! I never unmask, and nobody will

find me out; but I've a natural turn for masquerading, and go I must.

King Allen put his long nose into the box, and his nose only. Is Amy at home to night?

Fanny answered in the affirmative; adding, but she is in her own box. Why do not you go to her to enquire?

Lord Lowther and some nasty Russians are with her, answered Allen.

A ce soir, then, I said, kissing my hand to him, which was as much as to say, do not come in. He was kind enough to understand my hint.

Lord Molyneux shortly took his seat by my side, and I rated him about Mrs. Fitzroy.

Remember Monday, said Fred Bentick, as he left the box to make room for Mr. Napier, and Colonel Parker, followed by the young Lord William Russell.

Lord Molyneux seemed to take pleasure

in chatting with me, without desiring a nearer intimacy; and I was always very glad to see, and laugh with his lordship. When he left me, Lord William began to whisper and stammer out something about the folly he was guilty of, in coming to me, as he did, and encouraging hopes, which he knew would end in disappointment.

You do not know any such thing returned I.

What have I, continued Lord William to recommend myself to your notice. A poor little wretch without either fortune or wit.

I told him that he was well-looking, high-bred, and high-born. I felt really desirous to encourage the most humble, little gentleman-like being, I ever met with.

Just as Parker and Napier, had left the box, Lord Deerhurst entered it, ac-

companied by a tall young man, and Lord William then took his leave, from the mere dread of intruding. I do not often introduce gentlemen to ladies, said his lordship, and, perhaps I am taking a liberty now; yet I hope you can have no objection to my making you known to the Marquis of Worcester.

I bowed rather formally; because I had before desired Deerhurst not to bring people to me, without my permission. However the young marquis blushed so deeply, and looked so humble, that it was impossible to treat him with incivility; but, having taken one good look at my conquest, and thus convinced myself that I should never love him, I conversed indifferently, on common subjects, as people do, who happen to meet in a stage-coach, where time present is all they have to care about. Deerhurst was lively and pleasant; the marquis scarcely spoke; but the little

he did find courage to utter, was, certainly, said, with good taste, and in a gentlemanly manner.

Leinster was infinitely bored and annoyed, though he tried to conceal it.

What do you think of him? asked Leinster, whispering in my ear.

I will tell you, to-morrow, I replied; and, the better to enable myself to do this, I examined the person of the young marquis, for the second time. It promised to be very good, and his air and manners were distinguished; but he was extremely pale, and rather thin; nevertheless, there was something fine and good about his countenance, though he was certainly not handsome.

Deorhurst invited the Duke of Leinster to go into the pit with him.

Leinster hesitated.

I understood him. Do not be afraid, said I, in his ear. Of course, having al-

ready engaged you to take me to my carriage, I shall neither change my mind, nor break my word.

Leinster gratefully grasped my hand; but fixed his eyes on Worcester, still hesitating. Not that it was in his grace's nature to break his ducal heart for any woman, and still less, perhaps, for me; but a man's school-fellow pushing himself forwards, and trying to cut him out, where he had formed high expectations, is always a bore, even to the coldest man alive.

Of course my sister Amy will be happy to see Lord Worcester to night, said I, aloud, in answer to what I read in Leinster's countenance.

Lord Worcester bowed, and looked rather confused than pleased.

Do come, my lord, said Fanny, who liked what she had seen of his lordship, extremely.

To Leinster's joy, and our astonishment,

Lord Worcester said, he must really decline my very polite offer, grateful as he felt for it.

Nonsense! exclaimed Deerhurst. What a very odd fellow you are! I really cannot make you out. I give you my honor, Harriette, continued his lordship, that, not an hour ago, he declared he would give half his existence, to sit near you, and talk to you for an hour, and now, you invite him to pass the evening in your society, he appears to be frightened to death, at the idea!

You are all alike; a set of cruel wicked deceivers, said I, carelessly; being really indifferent as to the impression it made on Lord Worcester, who, in his eagerness to exculpate himself from this charge of caprice, blushed deeply, and evinced considerable agitation.

No indeed, I beg, I do intreat that you will not, you must not imagine this. I have a particular reason for not going to

your sister's; but it would be impertinent, in a stranger, like me, to take up your time, by an explanation: only pray acquit me. Do not send me away so very unhappy; for, you must know, I am sure you must, that the indifference, of which you accuse me, would be impossible, quite impossible, to any man.

What is the matter with you, young gentleman? said I, looking at him, with much curiosity, and why do you lay such a stress on trifles, light as air?

To you, perhaps, observed Worcester, trying to laugh, from a fear of seeming ridiculous.

There is a pretty, race-horse, little head for you! said Deerhurst, touching my hair.

I never saw such beautiful hair, Worcester remarked, timidly.

Put your fingers into it, said Deerhurst.

Harriette does not mind how you tumble her hair about.

I should richly deserve to be turned out of the box, were I to do any thing so very impertinent, interrupted his lordship.

Oh, no, said I, leaning the back of my little head towards Worcester, any body may pull my hair about. I like it, and I am no prude.

Worcester ventured to touch my hair, in fear and trembling, and the touch seemed to affect him like electricity. Without vanity, and in very truth, let him deny it, if he can, I never saw a boy, or a man, more madly, wildly, and romantically in love with any daughter of Eve, in my whole life.

Come with me, said Deerhurst to Leinster.

Remember your promise, Leinster whispered to me, as he unwillingly followed his lordship.

May I, said Lord Worcester, eagerly, as though he dreaded an interruption, may I, on my return to town, venture to pay my respects?

Certainly, answered I, if I am in town; but we are going to Brighton.

True love is ever thus respectful, and fearful to offend. Worcester, with much modesty, conversed on subjects, unconnected with himself, or his desires, apparently taking deep interest in my health, which, I assured him, had long been very delicate.

Just before the curtain dropped, Worcester, seemed again eager to say something on his refusal to accompany me to Amy's.

Leinster is coming to take you to your carriage, I know, said he, and I wish—

What do you wish?

That you would permit me to explain

something to you, and promise not to call me a conceited coxcomb.

Yes! I'll answer for her, said Fanny, so out with it, my lord. Why be afraid of that great black-eyed sister of mine, as if she were of so much consequence?

Well then, continued Worcester, blushing deeply, Lord Deerhurst told me that, your sister treated you unkindly, and that you never allowed your favorites to visit her. Upon my honor, I would rather never see you again, than pay my court to any body who has behaved ill to you.

Before I could reply, Leinster came hurrying and bustling into the box, as the curtain dropped.

You return to Oxford to night, I believe? said his grace to Worcester, who replied that he must start at six, in the morning.

I advised him to take a few hours rest first.

That will be quite impossible, Worcester answered, in a low voice.

The young marquis's pale face, certainly did grow paler, as he looked, wistfully, after Leinster, whose arm I had taken.

First love is all powerful in the head and heart of such an ardent character as Worcester's; and there really was an air of truth about him, which not a little affected me, for the moment; therefore, turning back to address him, after I had drawn my arm away from Leinster,—Perhaps, said I, in a low, laughing voice, perhaps, Lord Worcester, it may be vain and silly in me, to believe, that you are disposed to like me; but, as I do almost fancy so, I am come to wish you a good night, and to assure you, that I shall remember your taking up my quarrels, against my unkind sister, with the gratitude I always feel towards those, who are charitable enough to think favourably of me.

Worcester began to look too happy.

But do not mistake me, I continued, for I am not one bit in love with you.

Worcester looked humble again.

In fact, said I, laughing, my love-days are over. I have loved nothing lately.

Not the Duke of Leinster? enquired his lordship, whose anxiety to ascertain this, had overcome his fears of seeming impertinent.

No, indeed, I rejoined, and Worcester's countenance brightened, till he became, almost handsome.

Leinster approached us, with a look of extreme impatience.

Good night, my Lord, said I, waving my hand, as I joined his grace. Worcester bowed low, and hastened out of sight.

If Leinster were not my friend, said Worcester to a gentleman, who afterwards repeated it to me, pointing to

Leinster, and myself, as we stood in the round room, waiting for his grace's carriage—if that young man were not my friend, I would make him walk over my dead body, before he should take Harriette out of this house.

Oh, this love ! ! this love ! !

Amy's rooms were not full. It was her last party for that season. There was nobody in town, so, faute de mieux, since Mildmay had cut her, she was making up to a Mr. Boultby, a black, little, ugly dragoon, whom she declared was exactly to her taste.

Come to Brighton, said Amy, to her hero.

He assured her that, if his regiment had not been stationed there, he would have joined her, since he felt that he could not live out of her smiles.

How can you strive to make fools of people ! said I.

What do you mean? enquired Amy, fiercely.

Why, seriously, Mr. Boultby, continued I, take my word, she has no fancy for you.

Mr. Boultby's vanity would not permit him to take my word, so I left him to the enjoyment of it.

Parker and Fanny appeared to be very happy together, and sincerely attached to each other. No husband could shew more respect towards any wife.

Leinster was very dull, though too proud to complain.

Confess, said I to his grace, as soon, as I could get him into one corner of the room, confess that you are annoyed and unhappy, about Lord Worcester.

I do think, said Leinster, though I do not pretend to have any claim on you whatever, that Worcester, as my friend,

had no right to intrude himself into your society, to night.

Never mind, don't bore me with your jealousy, I abhor it, said I, I must, and will be free, as free as the air, to do whatever I like. I always told you so, and never professed to be in love with you. However I still like you, as well as I like any body else, and, as to Lord Worcester, what shall I see of him, while he is at Oxford, and I at Brighton, to which place, I did not invite him.

I do not see why Worcester thought proper to blush, as he did to night, and pretend to be so over modest, while he was doing such a cool, impudent thing, muttered Leinster.

Dear me how tiresome, said I, yawning. I should almost have forgotten all about Lord Worcester, by this time, if you had made yourself agreeable.

The evening finished heavily, for me. I was bored with Leinster, who, never, had any thing on earth to recommend him to my notice, save that excellent temper, which I now saw ruffled, for the first time, since I had known him: and Amy, who, it must be acknowledged, was in the habit of saying droll things, was this night, wholly taken up, and amused with that stupid, ugly, Boultby! I therefore returned early, and Leinster put me down at my own door.

The next day I proposed to my new dame de compagnie, Miss Eliza Higgins, to dress herself quickly, in order to accompany me into the park.

How do you do? how do you do? said Lord Fife, as he joined us near Cumberland-gate. Who is your friend? he continued, appearing to eye Miss Higgins with looks of admiration, much to my asto-

nishment. Am I not to be introduced to your friend?

Et pourquoi pas? said I, naming Miss Higgins, with whom he conversed, as though her acquaintance had been the thing, on earth, most devoutly to be wished.

What a funny little bonnet you have got on! said his lordship to my companion, interrupting himself in the middle of a long story from the North.

After Lord Fife had left us, Miss Eliza Higgins could speak of nothing else.

Charming man, ma'am, the Earl of Fife! I have heard much of him; but never had the honor to be presented to him before. That is a man now, a poor weak female would find it very difficult to resist. His lordship is so condescending! so polite!

When we were tired of walking in the

park, I drove to the house of a married sister of mine, whose name we will call Paragon, since she was the very paragon of mothers, having drawn up a new, patent system of education for her children, better than Jean Jacques Rousseau's, and unlike every body's else.

Her family consists of two boys and two girls. The eldest daughter was then nearly seven years of age: her son and heir had scarcely attained his fifth year. They shall never go to school, said my sister Paragon, nor will I suffer them to be left, one instant, to the care of nurses or servants, to learn bad grammar, and worse morals. Neither shall they be told of such things as thieves or murderers; much less shall they hear any thing about falsehood and deceit. They shall never obtain what they want by tears, nor rudeness, after the age of two; and it shall depend on the politeness and humility of their deportment, whether they

have any dinner or not; and nothing shall be called indecent, which is natural, either in words or deeds. So much for the minds of my children; and, with regard to their bodily health, I shall make them swallow one of Anderson's Scot's Aperient Pills every night of their blessed lives! et il n'y aura rien à craindre!

Sister Paragon was very pretty. She had the sweetest, most lovely eyes, I ever beheld: and not because they were large, or of the finest hazel colour, I allude to their character and expression; now flashing with indignation, now soft, and yet so bright that one might almost see one's own reflected in them. Paragon's little nose, too, was very pretty, even when red and frost-bitten; and she had a beautiful mole on her clear brown cheek. She did not at all resemble either a paragon, or a prude; and yet I am the only one of all our family, who am not afraid of her wit or her virtue.

She married a gentleman of good family and connexions, though poor; and, when she did this, she almost broke the tender heart of the Reverend Orange patriot, Sir Harcourt Lees, baronet, of Irish notoriety, who had often proposed to her, on his knees, and on his——— seat, and with his whole heart! He was a good little fellow, Paragon would often say, but his face was so like a knocker!!

C'est bien dommage!

Paragon's husband was not in London, when I called on her. She was sitting, with four of the most lovely children I ever beheld, at one time. Her eldest daughter was almost as beautiful as our mother, whose equal I never saw, nor shall see on earth. She had her mother's eye, her grandmother's nose, and her nice, little aunt Harriette's curly brown hair. Then she was so graceful, and spoke such good French!

Mary! said Paragon to her daughter, as soon as she had shaken hands with me, and enquired after my health, Mary, come away from the window, directly, Fie! for shame! Do not you see those two men, at the corner of the street, are tipsy? Is that a proper sight to attract a young lady's attention?

Little Mary was in high spirits. She talked of love! and said she knew, very well, that every body fell in love, and that she was in love, too, herself.

With whom, pray? asked Paragon.

With my brother John, answered little Mary; and next she asked her mother, when she might marry him, declaring that she could not wait much longer.

To bed! to bed! said mamma. You must all go to bed directly.

Already? I asked. Why it is not six o'clock yet.

No matter. I am tired to death of

them, and they are always asleep before seven.

In less than five minutes, the children were all running about stark naked, as they were born, laughing, romping, and playing with each other. Little Sophia, who was not yet two years of age, did nothing but run after her beautiful brother, Henry, a dear, little, laughing boy, who was about to celebrate his fourth birth-day. Little Sophia, bred in the school of nature, handled her brother rather oddly, I thought.

Surely it is Nature's own sweet work! said Paragon.

Mamma! mamma! called out little Henry.

What is the matter, my love? said Paragon.

Is Sophy to have my did—dle to keep?

No, my love, answered mamma, with

calm dignity, not to keep, only to play with !

A fight now took place between Sophia and Henry; because the latter defended his manhood with the most resolute vigour. Paragon, at this crisis, produced a little white rod, the sight of which caused, not only an instantaneous cessation of hostilities, between the high contending parties, but a dead pause in the assembly! And, at the word of command, these beautiful little creatures kneeled down, and prayed that God would make them good, and bless their papa and mamma, and every body belonging to them, and all mankind. Paragon then put them to bed, gave them a Scotchman, in the shape of a pill, and all was still as the grave!

Good night, my dear Paragon, said I. Lord Hertford dines at eight, and I shall not be ready.

I saw you at the opera, last night, Paragon remarked, and truly it was an unfair monopoly, to keep two such fine young men, as Lord Worcester and the Duke of Leinster, to yourself. I admire the latter of all things; so you may send Leinster to me, if you prefer Lord Worcester.

How wicked! said I. If ever you, with such a beautiful young family, were to go astray, you must despair of forgiveness.

Very fine talking, answered Paragon. So you would score off your own sins, by a little cut-and-dried advice, which costs you nothing.

Her son and heir interrupted her, at this moment, by such hard breathing, as almost amounted to a snore.

That boy has caught cold! observed mamma, and she awoke him to administer an extra Scotchman!

Good bye, good bye, said I, running down stairs; and, when I got home, I had only ten minutes left pour faire ma toilette. As to Miss Eliza Higgins, Lord Fife's compliments had so subdued her, that she could not afford me the least assistance.

A charming man! the Earl of Fife! she was repeating, for, at least, the fiftieth time, when a note was put into my hand, bearing the noble earl's arms, and my footman, at that moment, informed me that my carriage was at the door.

Any answer for Lord Fife, ma'am? asked my servant.

I hastily read the note, which contained his lordship's request, to pass the evening with me, and my lovely companion. I did not shew this to Miss Higgins on that occasion, because it seemed so very outré, and nnhoped for, that I feared it might,

from the mere surprise, have caused sudden death.

My compliments only, said I, tell his lordship, I am very sorry, but I cannot write, because I am this instant getting into my carriage to dine with Lord Hertford: and so saying, I followed my servant down stairs.

Lord Hertford had not invited one person to meet us; but his excellent dinner, good wine, and very intelligent conversation, kept us alive, till a very late hour. I mean no compliment to Lord Hertford; for he has acted very rudely to me, of late; but he is a man possessing more general knowledge, than any one I know. His lordship appears to be au fait on every subject, one can possibly imagine. Talk to him of drawing, or horse-riding; painting or cock-fighting; rhyming, cooking or fencing; profligacy or morals; religion of whatever creed; languages living or dead;

claret, or burgundy; champagne or black-strap; furnishing houses, or riding hobbies; the flavour of venison, or breeding poll-parrots; and you might swear that he had served his apprenticeship to every one of them.

After dinner, he shewed us miniatures, by the most celebrated artists, of at least, half a hundred lovely women, black, brown, fair, and even carrotty, for the amateur's sympathetic bonne bouche. These were all beautifully excuted: and no one, with any knowledge of painting, could hear him expatiate on their various merits, without feeling that he was qualified to preside at the Royal Academy itself! The light, the shade, the harmony of colours, the vice of English painters, the striking characters of Dutch artists—Ma foi! No such thing as foisting sham Vandykes, or copies from Rubens, on Lord Hertford, as I believe is done, or as I am

sure might be done, on the Duke of Devonshire: and yet his grace, I rather fancy, must be in the habit of sending advertisements to the newspapers, relative to his taste in virtû, and love of the arts. If not, how comes it, that every body hears of Devonshire's pictures of his own choosing, while Lord Hertford's most correct judgment never graces those diurnal columns. His lordship does not buy them, either by so much a hundred, or so much a foot; but, if the town did not talk about Devonshire's pictures, Devonshire's fortune, and Devonshire's parties, he would be a blank in the creation. Once indeed, he was slandered with bastardy; but that passed off quietly, as it ought to do; for, who would have made it their pastime, to beget such a lump of unintelligible matter, when they were not legally bound to perform such mere sluggish duty, as engenders base animal life, without soul!

Though surely that's enough for a duke, were it even a Wellington. Not that a man is to blame for being stupid, be he duke, or tinker; but then Devonshire is so incorrigibly affected, and stingy with all! I remember his calling on me, and pretending to make love to me; and, with an air of condescention, and protection, asking me, in what he could serve me? For my part, I am always inclined to judge of others, by my own heart; I therefore took him at his word, believing that a man of such a princely fortune, would not, unasked, proffer his services to any body, to whom he was not disposed to send a few hundreds, when they should require it. Being, sometime afterwards, in such a predicament, and, having promised to apply to him, I sent to him for a hundred guineas. His grace begged to be excused sending so large a sum!! at the same

time assuring me that a part of it was at my service.

Oh! what a fine thing is the patronage of mighty dukes!

Apropos. I must not be ungrateful. The most noble, I ought to say the most gracious, the Duke of Devonshire, once sent me two presents! The one, in a parcel, wrapped up in fine paper, and sealed with the Devonshire-arms.

A parcel, madam! said my footman, and the Duke of Devonshire's servant waits, while you acknowledge the receipt of it.

The parcel contained a very ugly, old, red pocket handerchief!! His Grace, in the note which accompanied this most magnificent donation, acknowledged that it was hideous; but then, he assured me, it was the self same, which he had worn on his breast, when he made it serve for an under waistcoat, on the occasion of his

visit to me, the day before. This however was not all. In the warmth of his heart he sent me a ring too! I think it must have been bought at Lord Deerhurst's jewellers, and yet perhaps it was gold, instead of brass; but such a mere wire, that it could not weigh a shilling's worth. Still, had it been of brass, and the gift of a friend, who loved me, I should have worn it, as long as it had lasted; but, being that of the Duke of Devonshire, who cared nothing about me, I sent it him back, to punish his vanity, in supposing that trifles, light as air, could be prized, by me, because they came from him. As to his ugly, old, red, pocket handkerchief, I gave it to my footman, and told the donor that I had done so.

Devonshire is a good man too! at least so the world says: and I know he goes to church on a Sunday; but what right had he to visit a woman like me, who without

vanity or professing to be any thing particular, have certainly more wit in my little finger, than is contained in his whole body, unless he were inclined to treat me with the attention and respect which I have been in the habit of receiving from his nearest and dearest relations, and every body else!

But, to proceed,—

Lord Hertford shewed us a vast collection of gold and silver coins, portraits, drawings, curious snuff-boxes and watches. He had long been desirous that Amy, Fanny, and myself, should sit to Lawrence, for a large family-picture, to be placed in his collection.

Though the tea and coffee, like our dinner, were exquisite, Hertford made a good-natured complaint to his French commander in chief, about the cream.

Really, said his lordship, addressing us in English, for a man who keeps a cow,

it is a great shame to be served with such bad cream!

I knew not, said I, that you were the man who kept a cow.

Pray where is she?

In Hyde Park, he replied, just opposite my windows.

Lord Hertford then proposed to shew us a small detached building, which he had taken pains to fit up, in a very luxurious style of elegance. A small, low, gate, of which he always kept the key, opened into Park lane, and a little, narrow flight of stairs, covered with crimson cloth, conducted to this retirement. It consisted of a dressing room, a small sitting room, and a bed chamber. Over the elegant French bed, was a fine picture of a sleeping Venus. There were a great many other pictures, and their subjects, though certainly warm, and voluptuous, were yet too classical and graceful, to merit the appel-

lation of indecent. He directed our attention to the convenience of opening the door, himself, to any fair lady, who would honor him with a visit incognitâ, after his servants should have prepared a most delicious supper, and retired to rest. He told us many curious anecdotes of the advantage he derived, from his character for discretion.

I never tell of any woman. No power, on earth should induce me, to name a single female, worthy to be called woman, by whom, I have been favoured. In the first place; because I am not tired of variety, and wish to succeed again: in the second, I think it dishonourable.

He told us a story, of a lady of family, well known in the fashionable world, whose intrigue with a young dragoon, he had discovered by the merest, and most unlooked-for accident. I accused her of the fact, continued his lordship, and re-

fused to promise secrecy till she had made me as happy as she had made the young dragoon.

Was this honourable? I asked.

Perhaps not, answered Hertford; but I could not help it.

We did not leave Lord Hertford till near two o'clock, when he kindly set us all down, himself, in his own carriage.

The next morning, before I had finished my breakfast, a great, big, stupid Irishman was announced, by name, Dominick Brown, with whom I had a slight acquaintance. He brought with him, for the purpose of being presented to me, the Marquis of Sligo, They sate, talking on indifferent subjects, for about an hour, and then drove off in his lordship's curricle. Next came a note from Lord Fife, requesting permission to drink tea, with me, and my charming friend. Who would have thought it? said I to myself, laugh-

ing. Here am I playing second fiddle to Miss Eliza Higgins! for the amusement of her most charming man, the Earl of Fife. I wrote on the back of his note;

Going to Vauxhall; but you may come to-morrow evening at nine.

I thought that Miss Eliza Higgins would have fainted, when I told her that Lord Fife was coming to us.

Oh dear, ma'am, what would you advise me to wear? If you would not think it a liberty, and would lend me the pattern of your sweet blue cap, I would sit up all night to complete one like it.

All this energy about drinking tea with a rake of a Scotchman,—whom you know would not marry an angel,—and pretend to tell me that you are une grande vertu? said I.

Certainly, answered Miss Eliza Higgins, reddening.

Fiddlestick! was my sublime ejaculation.

Miss Eliza Higgins burst into tears.

Nay, I continued, this fit of heroics, to me, is ridiculous. I ask nothing of you, but plain dealing. The fact is this, I am not curious but frank. Lord Fife wants to make your acquaintance, and it is not my wish to spoil any woman's preferment, in whatever line of life, whether good or bad: so, guessing from all the raptures you have expressed, at the idea of this rake's attachment, that the governess of the young countess Palmella, is no better than she should be, I have agreed to receive his lordship; but, since these tears of virtuous indignation, have convinced me of the injustice I did you, heavens forbid that I should be the means of bringing Lord Fife, and a vestal, together,

for fear of consequences! I then quietly opened my writing-desk, and began framing an excuse to his lordship.

Surely you are not putting off the Earl of Fife? said Miss Eliza Higgins, in breathless agitation.

I think it wrong to introduce such a gay man, to an innocent woman, was my answer.

Miss Higgins intreated and begged, in vain.

Well then, said Miss Higgins, I confess that I once————

Once what? I asked.

I had a slip————a————yes————a slip! and she held her handkerchief to her eyes.

What do you call a slip? do you mean a petticoat, or an intrigue?

Oh, fie! fie! said Miss Eliza Higgins. Intrigue is such a shocking word, and

conveys a more determined idea of loose morals, than a mere accidental slip.

I still persisted in sending the excuse, declaring that, since her's had been only an accidental slip, she might recover it.

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! said Miss Higgins, as my hand was extended to the bell, what poor weak creatures we are! I quite forgot the general!

General who?

Why, General————but you will be secret?

As the grave, of course.

Did you ever hear of General Mackenzie? said Miss Eliza Higgins, spreading her hand across her forehead.

He was Fred Lamb's general in Yorkshire, I answered.

The same, madam, a fascinating man! and this is my excuse.

True, said I, and I remember all the

servant maids, and Yorkshire milkwomen, confessed his power.

Most true! said Miss Eliza Higgins, with a deep sigh.

What then, you have forgotten the Earl of Fife already?

Oh, his lordship is quite another thing, said Miss Higgins, brightening.

And another thing, is what you wish for?

Oh, fye, ma'am! indeed you are too severe. These little accidents do, and must happen, from mere inexperience, and the weakness of our nature. I know several women, who have made most excellent wives, after a slip or two, which, I assure you, madam, often serves to fortify our virtue afterwards.

Well, then, said I, resuming my pen, lest the gay Lord Fife, should break through the formidable bulwark of virtue, which has been already fortified by two

intrigues, I shall most positively send him an excuse.

I intreat, I implore, ma'am, do not refuse my first request. Who knows what may turn up? In short, never was Brougham, himself, more eloquent! Not even on that memorable day, when he was employed, by Lord Charles Bentinck, to shew just cause why Lady Abdy ought to have cuckolded Sir William, as she did. She, ultimately, prevailed; and all-conquering Fife was expected with rapture.

Before dinner, I went to call on Julia, by whom I had been sent for. Extreme anxiety had brought on a fausse couche; but Julia, being as well as could be expected, hoped still to be able to join us at Brighton, if not to accompany us there. My sister, Sophia, was sitting by her bedside, looking very pretty, and much hap-

pier than when she was with Lord Deerhurst.

Fanny called on Julia, whose house she had changed for one in Hertford-street, May Fair, on her acquaintance with Colonel Parker, whose name, at his particular request, she had now taken.

My dear Fanny, said I, what am I to do with your boy, George? We shall never make a scholar of him, and he declares, that he will not be a sailor.

Flog him! Flog him! said Amy, who over heard what I was saying, as she entered the room, accompanied by a man in powder. I flog my boy, Campbell, every hour in the day. I never saw such a man in all my life, as her powdered swain. I too am for flogging, said he, since, such as you see me, here, before you, I am become, by mere dint of birch!

Dieu nous en préserve! said I, hurrying into my carriage. Having reached home,

too early for dinner, I sate down to consider the plan of a book, in the style of the Spectator, a kind of pic nic, where every wiseacre might contribute his mite of knowledge, at so much a head, provided he and she would sign their real names to the paper.

Having imagined myself to be a wild lad, like my young scamp of a nephew, addressing a second Rambler or Spectator, whom I ventured to name Momus, I addressed as follows :—

Mr. Momus,

I am one of those unfortunate victims, whose hard fate was decided, before I was born, and bon gré, mal gré, I must become a prodigy of learning. Now, Mr. Momus, I have to inform you, that, notwithstanding I love my parents above all the world, yet I abhor and detest every thing in the way of study. Floggings, re-

wards, private tutors and public schools, have all been tried in vain; and, though I am, at fifteen, becoming somewhat hardened against my father's harsh sarcasms on my stupidity, yet fain would I exert myself to dry up the tears, my poor mother often sheds, for the disappointment of her sanguine wishes on my account; but for the strong conviction, I feel, that it is as impossible to acquire a taste for study, as to benefit by a forced application to books.

Learn, oh youth, says Zimmerman, one of my tutor's favorite authors, learn, oh young man! that nothing will so easily subdue your passion for pleasure as an increasing emulation, in great and virtuous actions, a hatred to idleness and frivolity, the study of the sciences, and that high and dignified spirit, which looks with disdain, on every thing that is vile and contemptible.

All very fine, old boy, and clear as the nose in your face. A hatred of idleness, Mr. Zimmerman, is a love of industry; but how is this love and this hatred to be acquired? "Voila," said a French matron to Monsieur le Duc de ——, at Paris, throwing open the doors of an elegant apartment, "Voila la chambre ou l'on" ....."Mais, ou est la chambre ou l'on.....?" said the duke.

Try solitude, says Zimmerman—

My father has tried that too, and it failed,—but then, Zimmerman continues, for solitude to produce these happy effects it is not sufficient to be continually gazing out of a window, with a vacant mind, nor gravely walking up and down your study, in a ragged robe de chambre, and worn out slippers. The soul must feel an eager desire to roam at large.

Now, Mr. Zimmerman, as far as re-

gards a new pair of slippers, and a clean dressing gown, your advice has been duly attended to; but my mind is not the less vacant, whether I gaze out of window, walk, or sit down; therefore, Mr. Momus, I now intreat you to favor me with your candid opinion, whether a fool can be teazed into a genius, or a genius into a fool? It strikes me, on the contrary, that, under every imaginable disadvantage, a man will contrive to improve himself, where the taste for study be genuine, and, where it does not exist, compulsion will but add disgust to what was before only indifference.

My tutor read to me, this morning, an anecdote of Petrarch, the celebrated Italian poet. One of Petrarch's friends, the Bishop of Cavaillon, being alarmed lest the intense application with which he studied, might totally ruin a constitution, already much impaired, requested of him,

one day, the key of his library. Petrarch immediately gave it him, and the good bishop, instantly, locking up his books and writings, said, Petrarch, I hereby interdict you from the use of pen, ink, and paper, for the space of ten days. The sentence was severe; but the offender suppressed his feelings, and submitted to his fate. The first day of his exile, from his favourite pursuits, was tedious, the second accompanied with incessant head ache, and the third brought on symptoms of an approaching fever,—— Sir, said I, interrupting my tutor, my symptoms of fever are also coming on: every body to their vocation,—you must allow me to take a ride. Farewell, Mr. Momus, I wait impatiently for your good advice, which I do not feel much afraid of; because you are neither a grey-beard, nor a scholar.

I remain, your obedient servant,

Harry Hairbrain.

Answer:

Though I am neither a grey beard, nor a scholar, my young correspondent will not be a jot the better pleased with me, when I inform him that I would recommend his being deprived both of his horse and his liberty, and throw him altogether on the resources of his own active mind, for his whole and sole amusement, amongst books and grey-beards, where he might either study, or look on, as he pleased; at the same time, I quite agree with my correspondent, as to the folly of labouring to extract blood from a stone, although this, judging from the spirit of his letter, is very far from a case in point.

It was now dinner-time, so I resolved to dress for Vauxhall, after that was over.

I wonder, said Miss Eliza Higgins, as she assisted at my toilette, I wonder if the Earl of Fife will be at Vauxhall?

What a bore! this little green, satin, gipsey-hat is!! and what a magnificent plume of feathers! How divinely they fall over your shoulders! What a heavenly taste Madame le Brun has!

Miss Eliza Higgins, as it will be perceived, doated on superlatives.

Lord Frederic Bentinck came for me, before I was half ready.

It's quite a bore! you always keep me waiting, said his Lordship, when I came down stairs. I cannot amuse myself, in the least, in this room, for I dare not open any one of your books, being always afraid of hitting upon something indecent or immoral.

Come, said I, we shall be late, if you stand prosing there.

I am thinking, said Frederic Bentinck, without stirring.

You can think, I interrupted him, as

we go along. I took hold of his hand, and pulled him towards the door.

Stop a minute, continued his lordship, and attend to what I say.

I risk a great deal, in going out, with a woman like you.

What do you mean by a woman like me?

Why,—a woman,—a woman,—in short, and to speak plainly, of your loose morals!

You blockhead! said I, running down stairs, and, having determined in my own mind, to be even with him.

The gardens were crowded to excess.

The late Marquess of Londonderry, flattered my vanity, and made me prouder than ever my conquest of Lord Worcester could do, by merely looking at me. He certainly looked a great deal more than perhaps, his lady might have thought civil. He struck me, particularly on that

evening, as one of the most interesting looking men I had ever seen. At first Lord Frederic seemed rather timid, in regard to my loose morals, and my strikingly elegant dress; but, observing that I excited some little admiration, and that his sister, as he told me, looked at me as if she had been much surprised and pleased with me, he now grew proud of having me on his arm, and pressed forward into the crowd; but I constantly tugged at his arm, till I got into the most retired walks.

What are you afraid of? said Lord Frederic.

Why not of your loose morals: but the fact is, I, who am accustomed to go about with the chosen Apollos of the age, shall get terribly laughed at, for being at Vaux-hall, with such a quiz as you. Not that I doubt your being a very excellent sort of

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Fred Bentinck laughed, with perfect good humour. He had no vanity, and was so fond of me, that I was welcome to laugh at him, and, provided he saw me amused, he was happy.

I could listen, while Harriette talked, though it were for a year together, said Lord Frederic, one day, to Julia, when I was not present. Indeed he made it a point never to say any thing civil to me; but all his actions proved his friendship, and regard for me.

At four o'clock in the morning, I found Miss Eliza Higgins busy about the new cap, which was to kill the Thane.

Was the Earl of Fife in the gardens? she enquired, the moment I entered my dressing-room.

The next evening, behold myself and Miss Higgins seated on the sofa, before our tea-table, in expectation of Lord Fife. Miss Higgins's new cap would have im-

proved her beauty, had she not diminished its lustre, by sitting up all night, to finish it; but her fine hair, which was her solitary charm, was suffered to flow over her neck and shoulders, in graceful, childish negligence. As for me, the part of second fiddle being altogether new to me, I took the liberty of appearing in my morning dress. Nine was the hour named by Lord Fife, and Miss Higgins had taken out her old fashioned French watch, at least twenty times, since she entered the drawing room, when the house-clock struck that wished-for and lagging hour.

Is his lordship punctual, generally speaking, pray, ma'am?

Quite the reverse, I believe, said I, half asleep.

You have a good heart, I know, ma'am, and we females ought, naturally, to assist each other, in all our little peccadillos, remarked my companion.

Well?

Why, ma'am, I am going to ask your advice, who are better acquainted with his lordship's tastes, than I am. I was thinking now, that this little netting-box is pretty and lady-like! Shall I be netting a purse? or will it have a better effect to put on my gloves, and be doing nothing?

Before I could answer this deep question, my footman entered the room, with a letter, sealed with a large coronet, and told me that a servant waited below for an answer.

I will ring when it is ready, James, said I, opening the letter.

It is an excuse from the Earl of Fife! said Miss Eliza Higgins, growing whiter than her pearl powder,

Indignation kept me silent, after reading the following impertinent letter, from the Marquis of Sligo, to whom I had only been presented the day before.

My dear Miss Wilson,

Will you be so condescending as to allow me to pass this evening, alone, with you, after Lady Lansdowne's party?

SLIGO.

I had not been so enraged for several years! I rang my bell with such violence that I frightened Miss Eliza Higgins out of the very little wit she possessed.

Who waits? said I to James.

A servant, in livery, was the answer.

Send him up to me.

A well bred servant, in a cocked hat, and dashing livery, entered my room, with many bows.

Here is some mistake, said I, presenting him the unsealed, and unfolded letter of Lord Sligo's. This letter could not be meant for me, to whom his lordship was only presented yesterday. Take it back, young man, and say, from me, that

I request he will be careful how he misdirects his letters in future; an accident which is, no doubt, caused by his writing them after dinner.

The man bowed low, and took away the open communication with him.

The earl may yet arrive then? observed Miss Eliza Higgins, recovering herself.

A loud knock at the door, now put the matter almost beyond a doubt, and, in another minute, in walked the redoubtable Earl of Fife! in a curious black and tan broad striped sattin waistcoat, which was ornamented with a large gold chain. His watch was very gay, as were his numerous seals, at least twenty in number. Surely, thought I, as I threw a hasty glance at Miss Eliza Higgins's long. narrow, ill-shaped forehead, brilliant with agitation and pearl-powder, surely the man must be purblind, or, it may be, his eyes were filled with dust, on Sunday, when we met

him in the park. However, to my astonishment, his lordship was all rapture, and did nothing but ogle my fair dame de compagnie, as though she had been really fair.

As to Miss Eliza Higgins, it had been previously settled and agreed on, between us, that modesty was to be the order of the day.

I am not so vain as to fancy myself altogether handsomer than you are, madam, said the humble Miss Eliza to me, and yet it is clear that the Earl of Fife prefers me; I therefore conceive that I may have appeared to him more timid and modest; therefore it will be better to keep up that character: do not you agree with me, ma'am?

Certainly, said I.

Miss Eliza Higgins kept up the farce to excess; scarcely venturing to raise her eyes from the ground, or utter a single

syllable, beyond—yes, or no, my lord,—and that in a low whisper. She did, indeed, once venture to speak, pathetically, about her grandmamma, and her dear grandpapa. Lord Fife declared to me, that she was an amiable creature, and he presumed to place a ring, of some value, on her finger, on which occasion Miss Eliza Higgins appeared to be growing rather nervous. He did not take his leave, until he had obtained her permission to write to her.

Miss Eliza Higgins, said I, as soon as we were left alone again, which was not till after midnight, my good Miss Eliza Higgins, this atmosphere, as you expected, has proved favourable to your wishes. It has done more than your six seasons at Bath. It has, in short, brought a noble earl to your feet. Je vous en fait mes complimens. We will now, if you please, say adieu. Make any use you please of

your conquest, and accept my thanks for having been so truly ridiculous.

Miss Eliza bridled, muttered something about our sex's envy, and declared that she had proposed leaving me, herself.

Agreed, then, said I, extending my hand, to shake hands. I promise never to say any thing but good of you to Lord Fife; at least not till he is quite tired of you.

Miss Eliza Higgins appeared satisfied, and wished me a good night.

You will forward any letters that may arrive from the Earl of Fife? said she, returning.

Certainly.

Why then I propose going to my grand-mamma's to-morrow.

De tout mon cœur, I replied, and we parted.

Half the world was at Elliston's mas-

querade, given at his place, as he calls the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane; therefore all I shall say about it is, that I never saw any thing of the kind better conducted and I wish he would give another, in honour of my arrival, the moment I go to London.

During supper, somebody recognized Elliston, as he passed through the room; and he was immediately hailed with three cheers.

Ladies and gentlemen, said Elliston, who was as tipsy as usual, or rather more so, perhaps,—Ladies and gentlemen, I did not expect to have been observed, in passing through the crowd. I am very grateful, gentlemen,——very happy, gentlemen,——quite overjoyed, gentlemen—that any efforts of mine, to please and amuse you, have been crowned with success————

At this critical moment, somebody

broke some dishes, and upset a bottle of champagne.

Easy ! easy ! quiet—quiet there—pray ! pray ! said Elliston, addressing them by way of parenthesis.

He then continued his speech,—Yes, gentlemen, you shall have more masquerades ! and what's more, ladies and gentlemen————

Elliston's lame speech, by this time, had excited some laughter.

I never knew him quite so bad as this, said a gentleman, on my left.

As I was saying, gentlemen, Elliston proceeded, I mean my kind friends, it has ever been my ambition to give you pleasure, and, gentlemen, masquerades are pleasant, merry, spirited things, particularly when the occasion is, like this, to celebrate the birth-day of our august—— oh ! gentlemen and ladies, àpropos, I had forgotten,—but I now, though last, not

least, beg to propose a toast, in which every one of you will join me, in your heart of hearts!

Elliston filled a bumper, and drank—His Majesty!

We were all stunned with the loud cheers, three times three repeated, which followed. He then passed round the tables, and stopped to speak to several of his friends, one of whom drank off one bottle of champagne with him, and, then called for another.

No more,—no more, said Elliston.

Why man, one would think you were Cardinal Wolsey.

In about a fortnight after the Opera had closed, we all arrived at Brighton.

Leinster gave way to his feelings, on the day I left town, by putting more wine into his glass, than usual.

Only say you like me better than Wor-

cester, said his grace, and I shall go to Ireland in some comfort.

I have forgotten Lord Worcester, said I.

And you will be glad to see me on my return then? asked Leinster.

Certainly, I answered, and particularly, if you will leave off playing the hundred and fourth psalm, on the big fiddle. I really am very tired of it.

Leinster proposed giving me Rule Britannia, on my arrival, and promised every thing I could wish.

Fred Bentinck rode by the side of my carriage, for the first ten miles. He offered to drive me down all the way, with his own horses; but, on certain conditions, relative to a night on the road, which I declined.

Well! said Frederic, in his loud, odd voice, as he took leave of me, at The Cock, at Sutton, well, I really do hope,

you will soon come back. I don't as you know, make speeches, or pretend to be in love with you. I might have been, perhaps; but, the fact is, you are a loose woman, rather, and, you know, I hate any thing immoral. However, you may believe me, when I say, that I am sorry you are leaving London.

And what becomes of you? I asked. Do you mean to remain, all your life, in town?

Oh! I have to a great deal to do, and my business, you know, is at the Horse Guards.

God bless you, Frederic Bentinck, said I, as my carriage was driving off. Portez vous bien, although you certainly are enough to make me die of laughter.

And do, said his lordship, with his half laughing, half cross, but very odd countenance, pray do conduct yourself with some small degreee of propriety, at

Brighton: and take care of your health. I have, by this day's post, written to my friend, Doctor Bankhead, about you. I think him clever; and I know he will do what he can to be of service to any favorite of mine.

We had already hired a good house, on the Marine Parade. Amy's admirer, Boultby, was one of our first visitors, and then Lords Hertford and Lowther, who were both on a visit, at the Pavillion. For three whole days, Amy sickened us, by the tenderness of her flirtation with Boultby, who sat lounging on her sofa, as though he had been a first rate man. At last Amy grew tired of him all at once.

Get up, said she, rudely pushing her enamorato off the sofa.

Boultby refused, like a spoiled child, and insisted on another kiss.

Good heavens, get up then, said Amy,

and don't tumble my ruff. I came down to Brighton for the fresh air, and, for three days, I have inhaled none of it; but only your breath, as a substitute; and I am not sure that I shall like you. Here put your head on this pillow, added Amy, putting down his head, and rolling a thick table-napkin about it. So let me fancy you my husband, and in your night cap. There, said Amy, holding her head first on one side, then on the other, in order to take a full view of his little, black, ugly face, which examination was not favourable to her lover.

Get up this instant! said she, with such fierceness, as immediately set him on his legs.

I told you so, said I, but you would not believe me.

Boultby hoped his sweet Amy was joking; and he did well to make the most

and best he could of the evening: for he was never admitted afterwards.

Lord Robert Manners, whose regiment was stationed in that neighbourhood, was very attentive to me. His lordship is one of the most amiable young men, I ever met with. His finely turned head, might be copied for that of the Apollo Belvidere, and yet he has no vanity. In short a more manly, honourable, unaffected being, does not exist; and much I regret the ill health, under which he has always suffered. His lordship was kind enough to give me my first lesson in riding; often accompanied by the French Duc de Guiche, who was in the Prince Regent's Regiment, and Colonel Palmer. The latter invited me to accompany Lord Robert, to the mess-dinner, at Lewes. It must more resemble a small select private party, than a mess-room, as they

seldom mustered more than seven or eight persons together at table.

Bob Manners, as Lord Robert is universally called, was remarkably absent, and spoke but little, yet he possessed a certain degree of quaint, odd humour!

Those leathers are not bad: who made them? asked George Brummell, one day of his lordship.

Why, the breeches maker, said Bob Manners, speaking very slow.

I, accidentally, had some conversation with an old, infantry officer, belonging to a regiment which had fought some very hard battles, I think it was the 50th, and nick-named the dirty half-hundred; but I know their courage was in high repute, although the officers were not polished men, by any means.

Speaking of Lord Robert, my new acquaintance remarked that he was a fine, high-bred looking fellow.

The tenth are a very fine looking regiment, take them altogether, continued he, and they wear very fine laced jackets; but what service have they seen? And yet they hold us poor fellows very cheap, I dare say. The anniversary dinner, by which we are to celebrate the battle, where our officers are allowed to have particularly distinguished themselves, happens next Monday; but I suppose your dandies of the tenth will not condescend to join our humble mess!

I afterwards repeated this conversation to Lord Robert, in the presence of Colonel Palmer.

Indeed, said his lordship, the regiment do us great injustice in saying we hold them cheap: on the contrary, while answering for myself, who hold their courage in the highest respect and estimation, I think I may, at the same time, answer for the whole of my regiment.

Colonel Palmer, readily joined Lord Robert in his unequivocal expressions of approbation.

For my part, continued Lord Robert, I shall not only be happy in such an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with the brave officers of the 50th regiment; but I shall feel hurt and astonished, if a single officer of the tenth, now at Lewes, who may be favored with an invitation to their dinner, should fail to attend to it. At the same time, I wish you would tell your new acquaintance that while, perhaps, we envy the laurels they have been allowed to gather, they are bound to believe in our readiness to lose our best blood, in the service of our country whenever we are permitted so to prove our courage; but it would be illiberal to blame us for the freshness of our jackets.

Every officer in the tenth hussars, who happened to be quartered at Lewes, made

it a point, stimulated perhaps by what Lord Robert had said on the subject, to hold himself disengaged for the day, on which they all fully expected to receive an invitation from the officers of the 50th regiment, when, lo!——

Not one of them was asked!!

Lords Hertford and Lowther, were our constant visitors, at Brighton.

One evening, when his majesty had a party of ladies and gentlemen at the pavil lion, we concluded that Lord Hertford would not be able to leave it. However, at nine, his lordship arrived, accompanied by a hamper of claret.

Much as I respect his majesty, said Lord Hertford, I cannot stand the old women at Brighton.

We received letters from Julia and Sophia, declaring they had changed their minds, and would not join us.

I saw a great deal of the Duc de Guiche, who used to be called, while in the tenth hussars, the Count de Grammont, during my short stay in Brighton. He was very handsome, possessed a quick sense of honor, and ever avoided even the shadow of an obligation: I need not add that he, through strict economy, kept himself, at all times, out of debt. As an officer he was severe and ill-tempered; but well versed in military business: as a Frenchman, he was fonder of flirting than loving; and, with regard to his being a fop, what could a handsome young Frenchman do less!

I refused to see Doctor Bankhead, who had left his card, by Lord Frederic Bentinck's desire; because the world said he was a terrible fellow! however, being afterwards afflicted with an attack of inflammation in my chest, I ventured to send for this Herculean Beauty! He cannot, thought

I, be so very impudent as he has been represented to me, by many, and particularly by Mr. Hoare, the banker, who declared that maids, wives, and widows were often obliged to pull their bells for protection. Then Lord Castlereagh has too much good taste to encourage and patronise him as he does, and has done for years, if he were so very bad.

Doctor Bankhead came into my bedroom, with the air and freedom of a very old acquaintance.

What is the matter, my sweet young lady? said he, and what can I do for you?

I see! I hear! said he, interrupting me, observing that I spoke with difficulty. Fever? Yes, feeling my pulse. Oppression? ah! Cough? hey? Do not speak, my sweet creature. Do not speak! You have been exposing that sweet bosom! endeavouring to lay his hand upon it, and

which I resisted with all my strength of hand.

Nay! nay! nay! stop! stop! stop! hush! hush! You'll increase your fever, my charming young lady; and then what will our friend Fred Bentinck say? quiet! quiet! There, don't speak, can you swallow a saline draught? and I'm thinking too, of James's powders; but it is absolutely necessary, for me to press my hand, on that part of your chest, or side, which is most painful to you.

Doctor Bankhead, excuse me. This is by no means, my first attack of the kind, and I pretty well know how to treat it.

There! there! then! be quiet my dear young lady. I give you my honor, you have already increased your fever. Hush! you will take your draught to night?

Doctor Bankhead, I must———

Nay! nay! there! keep yourself quiet, I intreat. Quietness is every thing, in

these inflammatory fevers, you know, my sweet.

Doctor Bankhead, I must ring the bell.

Hush! there! there then! I would not frighten you for the world: and I am apt to frighten ladies, I am indeed! hush! Be quiet! there then! hush! I am indeed, as you may have heard, a most terrible fellow! Be quiet, my sweet lady! Swallow this glass of lemonade! There! now lie very still. In short, so terrible am I, that I frighten every woman on earth, except Mrs. Bankhead, and my Lady Heathcote!! hush!

Doctor Bankhead! this is an unmanly advantage of——

Oh! you naughty creature, to flurry yourself! I would not frighten you for the world! And, since I am so terrifying, take me altogether——

Docter Bankhead, I'll ring the bell; and I tried to reach it.

You shall have just as much, or as little of me, as you please. Be still! pray! pray! and this is an offer I never before made to any woman: not even to my dear friend, Lady Heathcote.

Dr. Bankhead laid his giant-hand on my bosom, to demonstrate one of his former feats. My passions were now roused, in a peculiar manner, and, catching hold of my bell, I never ceased ringing it, till my maid appeared.

I desired her to shew Dr. Bankhead out of my house, and, above all things, do not leave my room without him.

Good morning, to you, my sweet, comical lady, said Bankhead, and left the house.

In about two months, we all grew tired of Brighton, except Fanny, who had never been happier, than while galloping over the Downs, with the first man she

had really loved; perhaps the first who had treated her with the respect and kindness, her very excellent and benevolent qualities, so well deserved.

I often heard from Fred Bentinck, as well as from his grace of Leinster. The latter joined me in London, towards the end of November. I had only been settled there a few days, when I was surprised by a visit, from the young Marquis of Worcester, whose very existence I had almost forgotten.

He expressed his gratitude for being admitted; and sate with me, for two hours, when our tête-a-tête was interrupted by Leinster. He then took his leave, having conversed only on indifferent subjects, without once touching on the passion, Lord Deerhurst, and several others, had assured me that he entertained for me.

Leinster appeared much annoyed at the

re-appearance of Worcester, and talked of going to Spain.

I am a great fool, said his grace, and travelling may make me wiser.

I shook my head.

At all events, continued his grace, I shall be out of the way of seeing Worcester make love to you. I am no match for him, being of a colder, and less romantic turn. Worcester would go to the devil for you; and will make you love him, sooner or later. I cannot contend with him, and, therefore, I have almost decided to go with my brother, Lord Henry, and young Fitzgibbon, to the Continent. In the mean time, said I, you really are wrong to teaze yourself about Lord Worcester, who never makes love to me: and, this morning, he talked of nothing but riding, and Lord Byron's poetry, and music. He did not even offer to shake hands with me, and, when

I held out my hand, for that purpose, he seemed to shake and tremble, as though it had been something quite unnatural.

When are you to see him again?

I assured his grace that nothing like an appointment had been made; and all Lord Worcester had said, on the subject, was a request to be allowed to call sometimes to pay his respects, and make his bow.

I went to call on Fanny, after his grace left me! Lord Alvanly and Amy were with her, and her eternal admirer, Baron Tuille, who told us that Lord Worcester did nothing but enquire of every man he met, whether they had heard any thing relative to the departure of Leinster for Spain.

That's a very fine young man, that Marquis of Worcester, said Amy. I should like to be introduced to him, only, I suppose, Harriette, with her usual jealousy, will prevent me.

On the contrary, said I, Fanny heard me invite him to your party, after the Opera, the very evening, he was presented to me. and he refused to go.

What a rude way of putting it, said Baron Tuille. Why not say, he was obliged to return to Oxford, and was en desespoir!

De tout mon cœur! put it how you please, said I.

I've some news for you, said Fanny. Sophia has made a new conquest of an elderly gentleman, in a currricle, with a coronet on it. He does nothing on earth, from morning till night, but drive up and down, before Julia's door. Julia is quite in a passion about it, and says, it looks so very odd.

Talk of the devil, said Alvanly, as Julia and Sophia, entered the room.

Of fair Hebe rather, Baron Tuille observed.

Well Miss Sophia, so you've made a new conquest? said Fanny.

Yes, answered Sophia; but it is of a very dowdy, dry looking man.

But then his curricle! I interrupted.

Yes, to be sure, I should like to drive out in his curricle, of all things.

It is very odious of the fright, to beset my door as he does, Julia said.

So it is, quite abominable; and, for my part, I hate him, and his curricle too, good natured Sophia replied.

But answer me, said Baron Tuille, addressing himself to me, does the Duke of Leinster go to the continent this year?

What is that to you? I asked.

Only to satisfy poor Worcester, who is so miserable about him. For my part, I asked him why he did not run away with you by force? but he said, force was good for nothing; and that, while I permitted Leinster to visit me, he was perfectly

wretched. Suspense was the devil, and he could not think why Leinster bothered at all about going to Spain, unless he really had some such intention.

I believe you are all laughing me, said I, and I don't deserve it; for no one can say I am vain; but if I were, no vanity, not even that of the Honorable John William Ward, could construe Lord Worcester's prim conversation, into love for me. True he blushes and trembles, which, in a lad of such mature worldly manners, who has already been so much in society, does look a little like love; but this is the only sign, I have witnessed.

Depend upon it he is in a desperate, bad way, lisped out Alvanly.

Were you ever seriously in love, my lord? I asked.

Oh, tremendously, last year, answered his lordship; but then I fancied it was with a woman of fashion. God bless your

soul, a fine carriage, on a perch, with scarlet blinds! Could you have imagined she would ever have asked me for money?

And what answer did you make?

Answer? Why I told her that I would have preferred death to even the risk of insulting her; but, since she had destroyed all my illusion, I now was disposed to look upon her in a different light. and pay her accordingly, at the rate of five hundred a year; which was handsome for the time I should continue with her, which, by-the-bye, would not have been longer than five minutes! However she refused to have any thing more to do with me; and I have now, thank God, entirely recovered my peace of mind.

Worcester was riding near my door, as I drove up to it. I stopped to ask him if he liked to join me at Astley's, where I

proposed going, with the Duke of Leinster. He hesitated, and seemed really annoyed at the idea of Leinster being of the party.

If you really wish it, said his lordship, reddening.

Oh, I shall not break my heart, I answered, only it has struck me, and has struck others, that you liked me, therefore I conceived the proposal might be agreeable.

I am afraid, said Lord Worcester, that I shall be thought very intrusive and impertinent; but I am most anxious and desirous to be allowed to say one word to you, before you go to Astley's, to-night.

Leinster comes for me at half past seven, I replied, so call at seven.

Worcester rode off, all gratitude.

I was surprised to find Leinster sitting at my piano forte, in my drawing-room,

when I got up stairs. What again at your hundred and fourth psalm? said I, after all the promises you have made to become less righteous?

I have a favour to ask, said Leinster, and the boy's usual open smile was fled, and he looked infinitely more interesting; because he was paler, and there was an air of sensibility about him, which was seldom the case.

My dear little Harry, said he, passing his hand across his curly locks, I am annoyed, and bothered to death, with Worcester's perseverance. I am going to Spain. I shall stay, perhaps, several years, and you and I may never meet again. I know you are going to remind me, that you never professed any particular love for me, and that you never deceived me as to your love of liberty; but I am not asking any thing of you as a right: I am only making an appeal to your good nature,

when I intreat you not to receive Worcester's visits till I am gone, which will be, I hope, in less than six weeks. It should be sooner, but that I have many things to arrange, relative to my coming of age.

The simplicity, and feeling manner, in which Leinster delivered his little speech, affected me a good deal. No one, not even Fred Bentinck, could ever attach himself to me, without inspiring me with such friendship as results from a grateful heart. I believe all who know me will admit, what I certainly can affirm to be true, namely, that no success of mine, ever once led me to fancy a single heart had been mine by right, or à cause de mon propre mérite, nor was I coquette enough to desire general admiration. On the contrary, I thought it hard, and, often a bore, that my gratitude should so

frequently be taxed, for what gave me no pleasure.

Do not go, Leinster, said I, kissing the eye, where a tear was glistening; and, as long as you will stay, I will tell Worcester I must decline receiving his visits.

When, said Leinster, while a bright smile played on his full red lip, which was very pretty, and always looked as though a bee had stung it newly, when will you tell him this?

His lordship is coming here, at seven, and I will then give him his congé, tout de bon, said I.

Leinster hurried off, in high spirits, that he might get back, in time to take me to Astley's.

Lord Worcester came to me before I had finished my dinner, He assured me that he now proposed to accompany me, if I still would permit him, to Astley's;

but, said Lord Worcester, after some hesitation, you are, I am sure you must be aware that my being present, to see the Duke of Leinster, or indeed any man on earth, conduct you home, is very hard upon me.

I hope not, said I, and certainly I am not aware of any such thing. You are neither my husband, nor my lover, and you never made any professions of love to me, I hope, you felt none; because—and I hesitated, in my turn.

Because what? said Lord Worcester, in almost breathless anxiety.

Because my old friend, the Duke of Leinster feels much annoyed at your visits, and——

And you assured me, he was indifferent to you, interrupted Worcester.

I said, I was not in love with him, neither am I; but I cannot bear teazing him; so, to be frank with you, and one

must be frank, when one is in such a hurry, continued I, laughing, I have promised to beg of you, as a favour, not to come here any more.

Lord Worcester's face was scarlet first, and then pale as death: he took up his hat, half in indignation, and then put it down, in despair! Had I been more humble than I really am, I could not, with common sense, have doubted the deep impression, I had made on Worcester.

Ecoutez, mon ami, said I, holding out my hand to him. I cannot account for the prejudice which runs high in my favor, among you young men of rank. I am inclined rather to attribute it to fashion, or some odd accident, than to any peculiar merit, on my part: still, flattered as I ought to be, and deeply grateful as I always am, it will yet be paying very dear for the impression, which is excited in my favor, if, while, my own heart

happens to be free as air, and my fancy ever laughter-loving, I am to condole, all the morning, with one fool, and sympathise, the blessed long evening, with another; neither can I be tender and true, to a dozen of you, at a time.

I did not, said Worcester, half indignantly, I did not know, that I was quite a fool; and, at all events, I shall not, intrude my folly on you, if I am.

In vain he tried to pull his hat completely over his eyes. The tears did not glisten there, as they did in Leinster's; but they fell in torrents, as he attempted to take leave of me.

Oh dear me! said I, as I sighed an inward, good bye, to the self-same harlequin-farces, at which I had laughed so heartily many years before, when I accompanied poor Tom Sheridan, to Astley's.

What am I to do, Lord Worcester?

I asked. Upon my word I would rather suffer any thing myself, than cause unhappiness to those who love me. I don't care a bit about myself. Only tell me what I can do for you, and Leinster, and my sister Fanny? For all who love me, in short? for I would make all happy, if I could; provided they don't grow too pathetic!

My dear, dearest Harriette, said Lord Worcester, no man, on earth, feeling as I have done, could have been less pathetic, as you call it, than I have been, for more than six months, that all my prayers, my hopes, and my wishes, have been for you, and your love, and happiness. I have seldom visited you, and never, at least till to day, done any one thing that could possibly bore, or offend you.

I could not but acknowledge this to be true.

Well then, continued Worcester, I will throw myself on my knees,——

No, pray don't, I exclaimed, I really must go to Astley's, I have not a moment to lose. My word is pledged to Leinster; but I believe that you love me better than he is capable of loving any thing, and, since you are good enough to value my friendship, I will not cut you, indeed I will not, and I gave him my hand, which he covered with warm kisses and warmer tears.

You must go now, I added; I never break my word, and Leinster will be here directly; but, when he goes to Spain,——

Does he go? interrupted Worcester, eagerly.

Every thing is settled, answered I, and, in less than six weeks, Leinster can torment you no more.

Worcester appeared to be overjoyed.

And, when he is gone, there will be no man, you care about, left in England?

None: except indeed a sort of tenderness, not amounting to any thing like passion, for Lord Robert Manners: and then I have a great respect, for Lord Frederic's morals, and that is all! So now, my lord, you must set off, and do be merry. You shall hear from me often, and, as soon as Leinster is gone, you are welcome to try to make me in love with you. If you fail, so much the worse for us both; since I hold everything, which is not love, to be mere dull intervals in life.

I may not call on you then? asked Worcester.

I will write, and tell you all about it.

There was now a loud rap at the door.

I am off, said Worcester. I cannot bear to sit here a single instant, with Leinster. En grace je te prie, mon ange,

ayez pitié de moi, et ne m'oubliez pas. He dropped on one knee, to kiss my hand, like a knight of old, and the next instant, he was out of sight.

Was that the Marquis of Worcester, who ran out of your house, in such a hurry, as I was getting out of my carriage? asked Leinster, as he entered the room, full dressed, his handsome leg, en gros, set off, to the best advantage, by a fine, silk stocking.

Yes, said I, but I have desired him not to come again; so pray don't be sentimental. I have had enough of that, this day, to last me my life.

You are very cold and heartless, which is what, from the expression of your eyes, I had never suspected, remarked Leinster.

I was in love enough once, I rejoined, God knows, and what good did it do me?

After all, I arrived at Astley's, just

in time for my favorite harlequinade. The house was well attended. I thought that I observed the Marquis of Worcester, slyly glancing at us, through the trellis-work of a stage-box: but I was not quite certain. After the piece was finished, I wanted to set Leinster down, at his own door; but he declared himself so hungry, that he could not get further than Westminster-bridge, without a slice of bread and butter, quite as thick as those his tutor, Mr. Smith, used to provide him with. This luxury his footman procured, together with a tankard of ale, from a pot-house, in the immediate vicinity of the theatre.

The next morning Fanny came to take leave of me. Colonel Parker could no longer be absent from his regiment, which was stationed at Portsmouth, therefore they proposed leaving London, for that place, on the following day.

Remember me, kindly, to Lord Wor-

cester, when you see him, said Fanny. There is something, in that young man's countenance, I like so much, and his manners are so excessively high bred, and gentlemanlike, that I cannot think how you can resist him, and treat him so very coldly as you do. As to Amy, she is going stark mad to be introduced to him.

With all my heart, said I.

We were now, interrupted by the Prince Esterhazy, who entered, all over mud, saying, comment ça va ? without taking off his hat.

We are discussing the merits of the young Marquis of Worcester, Prince, Fanny observed to him.

A very fine young man to be sure, certainly, said Esterhazy ; but good mines God, can you not take him one, to yourself, and keep him one, to yourself, instead of all these young fellows, running, toujours, after you. I could not

come near you for a mile the other night, you have so many people round about you.

That was because you did not take off your hat, I said.

It is my way, answered the prince; and I do the same to the queen.

Ca se peut, said I, mais, moi, je pretends que vous ne le ferez pas ici: ainsi votre seigneurie aura la bonté, ou, d'oter votre chapeau, ou de vous en aller toute suite.

Je prendrai la dernière partie, answered the prince, putting on his great coat, and retiring.

You have been too severe, Harriette, said Fanny, after Prince Esterhazy had taken his departure.

I would not have been so to a poor man; but, really I have no idea of having one's house mistaken for a cabaret, by a nasty coarse German, who, with all his impu-

dence, is, as I am informed, the meanest man alive: besides he always stands with his back to the fire, without paying the least attention, when the ladies shiver and shake, and vow and declare they are dying with cold!

Fanny told me, calling another subject, that Julia had not only surmounted her reluctance to Napier; but had become almost as fond of him, as she had been of Sir Harry Mildmay; and that was the reason why she refused to join us at Brighton.

I enquired whether he seemed disposed to behave well to Julia, and her family?

Oh he is horridly stingy, answered Fanny, and Julia is obliged to affect coldness and refuse him the slightest favor, till he brings her money; otherwise she would get nothing out of him. Yet he seems to be passionately fond of her, and writes sonnets on her beauty, styling her,

at forty, although the mother of nine children, "his beautiful maid."

Fanny having her carriage at the door, I proposed our calling on Julia.

I am going to take my leave of her, Fanny replied, and we drove immediately to her residence.

Julia, whose health had been very delicate, since her last premature confinement, was gracefully reclining on her chaise longue, in a most elegant morning-dress. She expected Napier to dine with her. Sophia was hammering at a little country dance on the piano-forte.

To our enquiry how her curricle-beau went on? She answered, Oh! he is always driving about this neighbourhood, and, I think I have discovered who he is. I believe it to be Lord Berwick; but I am not quite certain. However we are to be introduced to him, to-morrow, by Lord William Somerset, who has been here

this morning, to ask Julia's permission to present a friend. He did not name him, but assured us he was a nobleman of fortune, and of great respectability.

We wished her joy, and kissed her, and took our leave of Julia, as I afterwards did of Fanny, whose departure made me very melancholy. She was the only sister who cared about me, and we had very seldom, in the course of our lives, been separated from each other. We promised to correspond regularly, and I assured her that, when she should be settled at Portsmouth, if she acquainted me that she had a spare bed for me, I would certainly pay her a visit.

Tell me all about Lord Worcester, said Fanny, and you may say to him that it is lucky for Colonel Parker, his lordship never turned an eye of love on me.

I came home very dull indeed, and was informed that Leinster, who had been

waiting for me more than an hour, had just left the house; but a genteel young French woman was still in my dressing room. She came to offer herself, in the place of my late dame de compagnie, Miss Eliza Higgins.

Je vous salue, mademoiselle, said I, as I entered my little boudoir. D'où venez vous?

She informed me, that she had been living with Lady Caroline Lamb.

I liked her appearance very much: it was modest, quiet, and unaffected. What a contrast, to that Miss Eliza Higgins! She did not look as if she was twenty; but she assured me, sur son honneur, she was in her twenty-sixth year. I engaged her at once, declined to enquire her character of Lady Caroline, and requested her to come to me the next day.

I never talk much to servants or companions, when they come to be hired. If

I dislike their faces, I tell them I am engaged: if the contrary is the case, I desire them to come to me on trial. Wherefore should one ask them, can you dress hair? Are you quick, good-tempered, honest, handy, &c. &c. when one can as well answer, all these questions, in their name, oneself, with a single yes?

I passed a restless night. No woman, ever felt le besoin d'aimer, with greater ardor than I. What could I not have been? what could I not have undertaken for the friend, the companion, the husband of my choice? En attendant, methought, Lord Worcester knew how to love: that was something; but then, where was the power of thought, the magic of the mind, which alone could insure my respect and veneration?

The next morning, my new French maid, who had just arrived, brought me,

not a letter but a volume, from Lord Worcester: it was not a bad letter. No letter is uninteresting, which is written naturally, and feelingly.

Does this young man love me? I asked of Luttrell, who called on me, before I had finished my breakfast, as I presented to him the young marquis's effusion.

With all his soul, his heart, and his strength, answered Luttrell.

Leinster was my next visitor, and then Lord Robert Manners, dressed in a red waistcoat, corduroy breeches, worsted stockings, and thick shoes, which, I think, had nails in them: yet, in spite of all this, he looked very handsome. The Duke of Wellington came next.

Why the devil did not your servant tell me that all these people were here? whispered the merely mortal hero, as he bolted down stairs, and ran foul of Lord William Russell, in the passage.

When do you mean to come and pass a month at Lewes? asked Lord Robert Manners.

Your application comes too late, Master Bob, said George Brummell, who had just entered the room. Harriette is about to bestow her fair hand on the young Marquess of Worcester. But your fingers are covered with ink, man! How happened that? continued the beau, eyeing his lordship's hands with a look of undisguised horror.

Franking a letter for some fool or another: such a nuisance! answered Bob Manners, looking at his fingers pettishly.

These men talked a great deal more nonsense, only I have forgotten it. After they were gone, I made my young French woman bring her work into my dressing room, for an hour.

How did you like Lady Caroline Lamb? I asked her, and, when she had answered

all my questions, I sate down to scribble the following letter to my sister Fanny, at Portsmouth.

My dearest Fanny,

The frank Lord William has left for you, must not be lost, although I really have as yet, nothing new, or lively, to communicate. Your favorite, Lord Worcester, has not been admitted, since you were in town, notwithstanding he writes me such letters! but I will enclose one of them, to save trouble, for one grows tired of all this nonsense. Poor Leinster, is infinitely more attentive and amiable, since this powerful rival has put him upon his mettle. For my part, since the hope of mutual mind is over, I try, and make the best of this life, by laughing at it, and all its cares.

My new French maid has just been telling me a great deal about her late

mistress, Lady Caroline Lamb. Her ladyship's only son is, I understand, in a very bad state of health. Lady Caroline, has therefore hired a stout, young doctor, to attend on him; and the servants, at Melbourne-house, have the impudence to call him Bergami! He does not dine, or breakfast, with Lady Caroline, or her husband, who, you know is Fred Lamb's brother, the Honourable William Lamb; but he is served, in his own room, and her ladyship pays great attention to the nature and quality of his repasts. The poor child, being subject to violent attacks in the night, Lady Caroline is often to be found, after midnight, in the doctor's bed-chamber, consulting him about her son. I do not mean you to understand this ironically, as the young French woman says herself, there, very likely, is nothing in it, although the servants tell a story about a little silk stocking, very like her

ladyship's, having been found, one morning, quite at the bottom of the Doctor's bed. This doctor, as Therese tells me, is a coarse, stupid-looking, ugly fellow; but then Lady Caroline declares to her, que monsieur le docteur a du fond!

She is always trying to persuade her servants that sleep is unnecessary, being un affaire d'habitude seulement. She often called up Therese, in the middle of the night, and made her listen, while she touched the organ in a very masterly style.

Her ladyship's poetry, says Therese, is equally good, in French, in English, or in Italian; and, I have seen some excellent specimens of her talents for caricatures. She sometimes hires a servant, and sends him off the next day for the most absurd reasons: such as, Thomas! you look as if you required a dose of salts; and, altogether, you do not suit me, &c.

She is the meanest woman on earth, and the greatest tyrant generally speaking, quoiqu'elle a ses moments de bonté ; but, as to her husband, he is, at all times, proud, severe, and altogether disagreeable.

Lady Caroline, ate and drank enough for a porter, and, when the doctor forbade wine, she was in the habit of running into her dressing room, to dedommager herself, with a glass or two of eau de vie vieille, de cognac! One day, Therese, whose bed-chamber adjoined that of William Lamb, overheard the following conversation between them.

Lady C. I must and will come into your bed. I am your lawful wife. Why am I to sleep alone?

William. I'll be hang'd if you come into my bed, Caroline; so you may as well go quietly into your own.

Lady Caroline perservered.

Get along you little drunken ——, said William Lamb.

The gentle Caroline wept at this outrage.

Mais où est, donc, ce petit coquin de docteur? said William, in a conciliatory tone.

Ah! il a du fond, ce docteur la, answered Caroline, with a sigh!

Mind I don't give you all this nonsense for truth; I merely repeat the stories of my young Frenchwoman: and Lady Caroline has assured her housekeeper that Therese abhors a lie. Take her ladyship altogether, this comical woman must be excellent company. I only wish I had the honor of being of her acquaintance. Not that I think much of her first novel, Glenarvon; and she is, really, not quite mad enough, to excuse her writing, in her husband's life time, while under his roof, the history of her love and intrigue, with

Lord Byron!! The letters are really his lordship's, for he told me so himself. I once asked Luttrell, who was a particular acquaintance of William Lamb, why that gentleman permitted his wife to publish such a work?

I have already put the very same ques- to William, myself, answered Luttrell, and this was his reply: I give you my word and honor, Luttrell, that I never heard one single word about Glenarvon, until Caroline put her book into my own hands, herself, on the day it was published.

Lady Caroline, I am told, always speaks of her husband with much respect, and describes her anxiety, about his maiden speech, in the House of Commons, to witness which, she had, in the disguise of a boy, contrived to pass into the gallery: But enough of her ladyship, of whose nonsense, the world is tired.

I admire her talents, and wish she would make a better use of them.

Poor Alvanly's carriage-horses, have, I fancy, been taken in execution. However, he said, last night, at Amy's, that he had a carriage, at the ladies' service, only he had got no horses; so we set him down.

I cannot find any knocker, my lord, said the footman, at our carriage-door, after fumbling about, for some time.

Knock with your stick, said Alvanly, and then continued his conversation to us, my d——n duns, made such noise every morning, I could not get a moment's rest, till I ordered the knocker to be taken off my street-door.

Julia, most prolific Julia, is again in the way fair ladies sometimes wish to be, et vous? Your boy George is in high health; but quite as impudent and lazy as usual. Our dear mother has not looked so well,

or more beautiful for the last ten years. She is very anxious about your health. Do not let her fears, arising out of her extreme tenderness of heart, frighten you, who are looking as blooming and well as possible; though certainly, as a matter of common prudence, you ought to refrain from such hard riding, being naturally so delicate.

Lord Worcester has been making up to Julia, who has promised to be his friend with me, I mean to a certain extent; but, when he teases her to tell him whether he has any chance of ever having me under his protection, she declares she knows nothing about me or my plans, except that I am always the most determined, obstinate woman in Europe. Brummell they say is entirely ruined. In short, every body is astonished, and puzzled to guess how he has gone on so long! God bless you my dearest Fanny. I meant only to

write three lines, and here is a volume for you. Remember me kindly to Colonel Parker, and believe me ever,

Your affectionate sister,

HARRIETTE.

P.S. Do pray, keep yourself warm: particularly your chest. Dr. Bain says, your little cough is chiefly nervous; but I am anxious to hear how the air of Portsmouth agrees with you; therefore write, soon, all about it.

Viscount Berwick was a nervous, selfish, odd man, and afraid to drive his own horses. Lord William Somerset was an excellent whip; but he had no horses to whip. Lord Berwick, like Lord Barrymore, wanted a tiger; while Somerset required a man, whose curricle he could drive, and whose money he could borrow. The bargain was struck; and

Tiger-Somerset had driven Lord Berwick some years, when his lordship, after having, for more than a fortnight, been looking at my sister Sophia, at her window, one day addressed the tiger, as follows:

I have, at last, found a woman I should like to marry, Somerset, and you know I have been more than twenty years, upon the look out.

Who is she? said Somerset, in some alarm.

Berwick told him all he knew, and all he had seen of Sophia.

I think I know who you mean, said Tiger, since you mention the house; because it belongs to Miss Storer, Lord Carysfort's niece, who has, I know, a fine young girl staying with her, whom Lord Deerhurst seduced.

Seduced, already! you do not say so?

Most true, my lord, said Tiger-Somer-

set; besides, I've often seen her, when Deerhurst used to take her out last year. She has no eye brows, and——

I don't care for that, I love the girl, and will have her, was his lordship's knock-down argument; and Lord William Somerset, having obtained permission, from Julia, presented Lord Berwick to Sophia, on the following morning.

Sophia, would not hear of such a very nasty, poking, old, dry man, on his first visit; but the second day, she was induced to drive out in his barouche. On the third, she declared his lordship's equipage, the easiest she ever rode in; but, then he wore such a large hat! In short, she could not endure him, even to shake hands with her. I never knew Sophia, evince so much decided character, since she was born, as in her dislike of Lord Berwick; though she condescended to enter his barouche, and dine with him,

accompanied by Julia or myself, yet no persuasion of Lord Berwick, no prayers that his lordship had wit to make, could prevail on her to trust herself, for an instant, in his society. Things went on this way for several weeks. Berwick made very pleasant parties to Richmond, and did every thing, with princely magnificence. Worcester's good uncle, Lord Berwick's tiger, wanted Worcester to join their parties, and Worcester would not go any where, without me.

My time being so gaily taken up, I had to reproach myself with neglect, towards my sister Fanny. Give me my writing desk, said I to my maid, Thèrese, at past four, in the morning, for I have made a vow, not to sleep till I have fully answered Fanny's last two letters, and which I did, as follows:

My dearest sister,

It is past four o' clock, in the morning, and yet my conscience still keeps me awake, till I have answered your two letters. Believe me, my neglect does not, in the least, proceed from want of affection. One is sometimes teazed into going out, till one acquires a sort of habit of society, which it becomes difficult to throw off. Sophia's new lover, Lord Berwick, did not let me enjoy a single day, in quiet; and not at all out of regard or respect for my superior merit; but merely, because Sophia refuses to stir without me.

The Duke of Leinster's departure, for Spain, is at last absolutely fixed for next Monday. Lord Worcester heard this at White's club-house, and was so overjoyed, that every body in the room laughed at him. For my part I can scarcely understand why I feel so melancholy at the

thought of losing a young man whom I really never cared about; but I am always thus, at parting with any-body, to whose face I have become accustomed. Not only am I sorry to lose the Duke of Leinster, but I feel angry and disgusted with Worcester, for desiring his departure.

We were all at the play last night: that is to say Julia, Sophia, Lord W. Somerset, Lord Berwick, and Lord Worcester, with your humble servant, in two private boxes, adjoining each other. Lord Berwick teazes Julia and me, from morning till night. He wants us to persuade Sophia to receive a settlement from him, of five hundred a year, and to place herself under his protection. We do not like to advise, at all, on such subjects; and, whenever he ventures to touch on them to Sophia herself, she begins to sob and cry, as if she were threatened with sudden death! I asked her, last night, why she accepted

so many magnificent presents, from his lordship, and suffered him to put himself to such an immense expence, if she disliked him so violently?

Oh, I never said I disliked his carriages, or his jewels, or his nice dinners, answered Sophia.

Lord Worcester is quite as indefatigable as Lord Berwick, in his endeavours to persuade me to accompany him to Brighton, his lordship having just entered the tenth hussars. Lord Berwick proposes taking a fine house at Brighton, for Sophia, and Julia, and sending down his plate, man-cook, &c. but Sophia says he may hire his fine house if he likes, but for her part she will live with Julia, in a smaller one, though, at the same time, she shall have no sort of objection to become one at his dinner parties, if Worcester and myself are present. Thus Sophia has set Lord Berwick to work, to

plead Worcester's cause, for him. I got into a passion one day last week, and declared I would not be teazed out of my liberty, which I valued more than my life.

In the evening, Lord Worcester found me seriously ill, with an oppression on my chest, to which I am become rather subject. I could not have imagined that any young man, in any class of life, could have made such a good nurse! He ran up and down, from the kitchen to the drawing room, twenty times, and poured out my water gruel, and my tea, as though this had been his natural vocation. Seriously, I was very grateful. Nothing attaches a woman, in my weak, nervous, state of health, like these kind of attentions; and I must do justice to the excellent taste of Worcester, in never intruding his passion on me.

Let Harriette please herself, or

rather, Harriette must do as God pleases, about loving me, but my affection for her, cannot change. I live in her happiness, whoever may contribute to it. I may be miserable; but I shall never cease to love her: and then he winds up his letters thus: may my God forsake me, if ever I love another woman! and may I be eternally wretched, if ever, in word or deed, I am unfaithful to you, to the latest hour of my life!

I, who am, as you know, any thing but cold hearted, of course feel touched, by Lord Worcester's apparent devotion to me; but I am not a bit touched with love. The tenderness of a sister, is all I feel. Good heavens! what can he expect, from one who has loved, as I have loved, and gone through, what I have gone through!

I don't think I shall go to Brighton, or to Worcester. I am tired of flattery: it makes me sick; for I know that I am

nothing particular, or Ponsonby would have died rather than have left me to such despair as he did. I am now beginning to dislike society, and, when I cannot enjoy that of very clever, intelligent people, I could rather read Shakspear's plays, Gil Blas, or the Vicar of Wakefield.

Poor Leinster! that man is only about three degrees and a half, above a good tempered Newfoundland dog, and yet I am sorry he is leaving me, perhaps for ever.

I often think what I might have been, and then I wonder much, that I am what I am! I love home, I am somewhat domestic, I love, dearly love my parents, and wish to improve the little talents God has given me. I am very affectionate, and, naturally, honourable; because I abhor a lie! and yet behold me!!

—Harriette Wilson.

If you were to die, who would stand

my friend, when the world tramples on me? I put this question to Worcester, the other day, after I had been frightening myself about your health; and Worcester shed a great many tears, as though the idea of my ever being left friendless, affected him deeply. Yet, no doubt, the time will come, and you and I, if we live, shall witness it, when Worcester, having forgotten my very existence, will, while the lady of his heart, or his wife, is hanging on his arm, pass me by, as a perfect stranger! This too, I said to Worcester, and, unasked, almost unattended to, by me, he solemnly pledged himself to have no wife, on earth or in heaven, but myself, and wrote down the oath.

Enough of the sublime, and the pathetic: and now a word or two about yourself; but, let me remind you first, that it is, at your own particular request I have been such an egotist.

I am glad to hear that Parker looks forward, with so much delight, to the idea of becoming a father. It is a strong proof of a good heart, generally speaking. With regard to the repugnance, you say you feel, in availing yourself of the invitations, from ladies, who believe you to be Parker's wife, I certainly, in your place, would never seek them; neither are you bound to say any thing of yourself, which can prejudice society against you. You tell me that some of the ladies in your neighbourhood will take no excuses. Well then visit them, whenever you are in the humour, and, if they have good taste, they will be delighted with your society.

I cannot express to you, how glad I was to learn, from your last letter, that you are more comfortable and happy, than you have ever been in your life, before. Did you get a letter from our dear mother, yesterday? Napier is at Meiton Mow-

bray. To-morrow we all dine with Lord Berwick again, at his house, in Grosvenor-square.

I meet Worcester, at every body's house, but my own, where, out of respect for Leinster, I seldom admit him; since, by the powers, and, upon his honor, it bothers him to death.

Amy, has, at this present writing, a great deal of work on her hands, owing to our general change, or projected change of administration. Worcester, Berwick, Parker and Napier; all to win, and seduce away, at once!!!

Parker, she has already made an attempt on: this, you, with all your good natured charity, have confessed: and, the other night, at the play, we observed her, sitting in a private box, on the opposite side of the house, with Baron Tuille. Her glass was pointedly turned towards Worcester, all the evening. After the play, while we

were waiting for our carriage, Amy, with an affectation of childish wildness, made loud remarks on the elegance of Worcester's person, as we passed her. Our party stood on the opposite side of the room, from that, where the Baron and Amy were waiting. Worcester, was, however, obliged to pass close to them, to enquire for Lord Berwick's servants, and Tuille, at the express desire of Amy, probably, tapped him on the arm, as he was hurrying along, and requested to have the pleasure of introducing Mrs. Sydenham, to him. Worcester, in much confusion, bowed low, very low; but passed on, immediately afterwards, without uttering a single syllable.

What a bore, for Amy! and yet it serves her right!

I could not possibly avoid being pre sented to your sister, said Lord Worcester, on his return; and he spoke, with such

agitation and confusion, that it was impossible to help laughing at him.

You were not very attentive to her, as, I think, I could observe, Julia remarked.

I would not have spoken a single word to her, for the world, and I only wish, as a gentleman, it had been possible to have avoided bowing. Mrs. Sydenham, has, by her perseverance, made herself so very odious to me, was Worcester's reply.

Lord Berwick laughed heartily at his extreme delicacy; so did Lord William; but Worcester is steady as a rock to me, and my interests. Not even ridicule, that sharpest weapon, which malice can turn against the feelings and prejudices of youth, ever changes him one jot, even when it wounds him most severely.

Any unimpassioned, unprejudiced observer of Harriette's mind and character, says Worcester, must agree with me, that

it is much undervalued by that part of the world, to whom her eccentricities and careless observance of many established forms, only are known; but Harriette's goodness and singleness of heart, approximate her nearer to my idea of perfection, than any human being, I have yet met with, and her face, and person, to me, convey all I can imagine most desirable.

I repeat this to you, my dear Fanny, merely to show the force and power of ardent passion in youth. Dieu! comme cela nous embellit!

O, la belle passion! que l'amour! not that I have known much good resulting from it. I might almost say, with Candid, Helas! je l'ai connu, cet amour, ce souverain des cœurs! cette ame de notre ame! cependant, il ne m'a jamais valu qu'un baiser, et vingt coups de pied! puisse il vous être plus propice!

You shall hear what becomes of me,

next Tuesday, after Leinster will have left London. In the mean time, I need not say how truly I am your's, &c.

HARRIETTE.

Fanny's answer :—

My Dear Harriette,

It is very lucky you wrote when you did; because I was getting in such a very great passion! Lord Worcester, from what you tell me, and from all I have seen, is, without any exception, the most interesting young man, I ever knew; and I am surprised you do not think him handsome. Do remember me to him, very tenderly: as to your stupid Duke of Leinster, he never deserved you.

I am just returned from the Isle of Wight. The weather was rather rough, and, at best, I cannot say I like sailing, half as well as riding; nevertheless, we

have been very merry; Parker is so kind and affectionate, and the officers of his regiment are so very attentive and polite to me.

Who do you think, I met, at Cowes? No less a personage, than your friend, and kind creditor, Mr. Smith of Oxford-street. I recognized him, by his voice, as he was addressing a little fat friend of his. We were sitting on a bench, near enough to hear every word they said.

Mr. Smith, said the little fat man, holding out his hand, mercy on me! Smith! Is it really you? What, in the name of wonder can have brought you to Cowes?

Vy, lord, answered Smith, vat but the vinds and the vaves, could bring me here, hey? I've been down to Margate since I seed you. Bless your life, I'm on a tower.

What might that be pray?

Vy, a tower, man. Don't you know vat a tower is?

Not I, indeed.

Vy, you stupid! a tower is a kind of a circular journey, gallivanting from this here place, to that are place, for a month or two merely, to pleasure it like.

And pray what might you call pleasure, Mr. Smith?

Pleasure? answered Smith, vy I calls pleasure gitting up at six in a morning, and taking a dip into the sea, and then a hearly good breakfast of hot rolls and butter, and coffee and eggs.

And what then? said the little fat man.

Vat then? you ere a bachelor too, and ask vat then? And all these ere beautiful nice, plump, dear lasses about? Bless their little dear souls! I'm going to take one on 'em to the play to night.

Oh! you rogue, and a half, said the little fat man, giving Smith a punch on the breast.

Apropos! talking of vulgarity, I have had a proposal of marriage, since I saw you, from Mr. Blore, the stone-mason, who keeps a shop, in Piccadilly. Parker says it is all my fault, for being so very humble, and civil to every body: but, you must recollect, this man was our near neighbour, when we were all children together, and I cannot think I had any right to refuse answering his first civil enquiry after my health, by which he, no doubt, thought, as a man of good property, and better expectations, he did me honor. Since then, he has often joined me in my little rural walks, early in the morning. When, first, his conversation began to wax tender, I scarcely believed my ears. However, those soft speeches were speedily succeeded by a proposal of marriage! You know my foolish way of laughing, at every thing, of this kind, which was what encouraged him to argue the point, after I

had begged to decline his polite offer. Look ye here, my dear lady, said he, these here officers cut a splash! And it's all very fine being called Mrs. Parker, and the like a that; but then its nothing compared to a rale husband. Now, I means onorable, remember that. I was interrupting him. Come, I dont ax you, my dear, to make up your mind this morning. Marriage is a serious kind of a thing, and I wants no woman, for to marry me, till she has determined to make an industrious, good wife. Not as I should have any objection to your taking a bit of pleasure of a Sunday, and wearing the best of every thing; but, at the same time, we must stick to the main chance, for a few years longer, if ever we wishes for to keep our willa, and be raley genteel and respectable. Not but what I've got, now, as good a shay an oss, as any man need to wish for, and an ouse over my

head, full of handsome furniture, and plenty of statters (statues) still, I looks forwards to better things.

Though it is morally and physically impossible, for a woman, be she what, or whom she may, to attach herself to any thing so low, and vulgar as this poor Mr. Blore, after she has acquired the taste, by the habit of good society, still I, certainly, have a right to feel obliged to any honest man, who yet considers me worthy to become his partner for life; and I could not have said any thing cross or harsh to him, for the world. You have no idea what difficulty I found, in making him believe that I would not marry him.

There, my dear, said he, after I had assured him, over and over again, that I must really decline his offer. There my dear! I will leave you now. I dont want you to decide all at once; but, remember, you must not let what I a been a saying

about our minding the main chance, frighten you; because you'll find me a very reasonable, good natured fellow: and, as for going to the play, if you are fond of that, I can get orders for the pit, ven ever I like.

I presume you have, now, had quite enough of my intended, and I know you will want to hear something of my health, about which, you so kindly interest yourself. I was alarmed, about ten days ago, by the rupture of a small blood-vessel, which caused an expectoration of blood, for two days. Being, unwilling you, or my dear mother, should be at all alarmed about me, I would not mention this, till all these bad symptoms were removed completely, which is now the case. My physician tells me, such small vessels, are of little consequence; and, by avoiding over-fatigue and taking care of myself, he has no doubt, I shall get perfectly well. Indeed

there is now, nothing at all the matter with me, unless I attempt to walk fast; and then I feel a something like stagnation, and fullness about my heart, and my lips turn blueish. However, I both eat and sleep well, and, I am told that, when patients ask Doctor Baillie to prescribe for them, for any pain or ache, while enjoying these two advantages, the doctor loses patience, and refuses to listen to them: et tant mieux! I do not want to die, and go, we know not whither, and lose sight of the bright sun for ever. I am not even ambitious of a shew-death, to have my fortitude, or my sweet smile, or my calm courage, or my last prayers extolled. You know, I am not, in the least romantic; but I am attached to life, for my dear childrens' sake, and in a word, though it may be cowardly, yet I hope, and pray, that God will spare my life, many years longer: but, if he has willed it otherwise,

I will try not to murmur at his decree: and, I tell you, frankly, that my sins do not sit at all heavy, on my conscience; because I never doubt the goodness of God. This is all very grave; but I am, so seldom grave, that you will forgive me.

I shall write to you, my dear sister again, very soon; but I will conclude now; because I am a little too serious: so believe me ever,

Most truly and affectionately yours,

FANNY PARKER.

When Lord Worcester had ascertained that Leinster was, really safe on his journey to the continent, half wild with joy, he went and consulted Julia, as to what, she really believed, was his chance of inducing me to go to Brighton. I had obtained his promise not to call on me, nor

write to me, for, at least, three days after Leinster's departure.

We shall only quarrel, said I, to his lordship, if you come to me, rejoicing, as I know you will, at a circumstance, which, no doubt, will affect me pour le moment.

I passed a melancholy evening, after Leinster had taken leave of me. He was to sail from Portsmouth. Should he be detained by foul winds, even for a single hour, he promised to write to me. The first day, I refused to admit any visitor, and, on the second, after his departure, I received a letter from him, to acquaint me that the unfavourable state of the weather might, possibly, detain him a week, or more, at Portsmouth. My resolution was taken, in an instant: which wise resolution may be learned from the following letter, addressed to my sister.

My dearest Fanny,

Leinster is at Portsmouth, waiting for a fair wind, to convey him to Spain. I am too melancholy to keep my promise of receiving Worcester's visits; and, besides, being desirous of shaking hands, once more, with the poor duke, you will believe me really, and in truth, very anxious to hear and see how you are; after the accident you have so long concealed from us. Therefore expect me almost as soon as my letter; and do pray be glad to see me.

I propose leaving London at eight o'clock to morrow morning, till then, believe me,

Most truly your's,

HARRIETTE.

After dispatching this, and a letter full of excuses, to Lord Worcester, I began to assist my maid Therèse, to prepare for my journey to Portsmouth, on the fol-

lowing morning. We arrived in time for dinner. Fanny was looking better than usual. Colonel Parker was absent, and she was kind enough to invite the Duke of Leinster to dine with us. His grace was very glad to see me, in his dry way; but it was impossible to avoid making such comparisons, between my two young lovers, as were most favourable to Worcester.

The marquis wrote me immensely long letters every day; and, though I expected Sunday would have been a day of rest, I was presented with a large packet, which Worcester had sent by the stage coach. He trembled, lest I should be induced to accompany Leinster to Spain, and described the anguish, and misery, he had experienced, in learning from my servant, that I had left London: for it was only, on his return from my house, that he had

received my letter, acquainting him with my departure.

Fanny lived in a delightful cottage, surrounded with a large garden. There were two very pleasant women, staying with her, on a visit; it made me truly happy, to see her so comfortable, and in such good spirits.

Fanny did not like Leinster, and I felt rather cooled, and disgusted, when she forced on my attention, his extreme selfishness, in leaving England, without enquiring at all, about the state of my finances. Then, poor Worcester was, or seemed to be, so very unhappy about me; and I saw no chance of these boobies, Leinster, his brother, and Fitzgibbon, sailing, as the wind had not shifted the least in the world, during the ten days, I passed at Portsmouth.

Leinster, much as he professed to esteem, respect, and love me, went out in

a sailing boat, every morning, instead of walking about with me. My pride took the alarm, and, one fine morning, having previously arranged every thing, for my return to town, and taken leave of my sister, I coolly wished him un bon voyage, and, to his utter astonishment, jumped into the carriage, which was to convey me to London.

I found a great many cards and letters, on my table in town: a very kind one, from Lord Robert Manners, another, from Lord Frederic Bentinck, and, what was better still, another blank cover, directed to me, containing two bank-notes, for one hundred pounds each!

Julia called on me, the morning after my arrival.

Do go to Brighton, said she. You will never find any body to like you, as, I am sure, Lord Worcester does. I really

would not advise you, but that I think he deserves you.

I will consider about it, said I, in the mean time pray tell me some news.

Julia declared she had heard nothing lately. Amy, she continued, has found out a lady, who, once had a slip with your favorite, Ward.

What does she say of him? I enquired.

Oh! that he was all fire, and ice. He declared, on going to bed, that he should require at least, three additional blankets, which comfort he had scarcely enjoyed a quarter of an hour, before he swore he was in a fever, threw off all the bed-clothes, and opened the windows; and then came on his ague fit again.

Oh, the amiable creature! said I. And how does Lord Berwick go on?

Julia told me that he was quite as much in love with Sophia as ever.

And Sophia?

Oh, Sophia hates his lordship, if possible, more than ever, and declares she will not go to Brighton, unless you decide to accompany Worcester there.

We were now interrupted by a visit from Lord Worcester. I will not attempt to describe his rapture, or how violently he was agitated at meeting with me. My readers, besides accusing me of vanity, would not believe such exaggerated feeling, as he evinced, to be in human nature. In short, since there is nothing so uninteresting as descriptions of love-scenes, be it known that I was pressed by Julia, intreated by Worcester, and inclined by gratitude, being, moreover, in a state of health, which required nursing; therefore, without being in love, I agreed to place myself under his protection. It was a grievous sin, and every one of this kind counts, no doubt; and, indeed, I almost

fear, the recording angel, as he mounted up to heaven with mine, so far from dropping a tear on it, to blot it out for ever, doubled this one, and so cried quits with my uncle Toby.

There certainly was much aggravation of sin, in my projected criminal intercourse with the Marquis of Worcester. Many women, very hard pressed, par la belle nature, intrigue, because they see no prospect, nor hopes, of getting husbands; but I, who might, as every body told me, and were incessantly reminding me, have, at this period, smuggled myself into the Beaufort family, by merely declaring to Lord Worcester, with my finger pointed towards the North,—that way leads to Harriette Wilson's bed-chamber; yet so perverse was my conscience, so hardened by what, Fred Bentinck calls, my perseverance in loose morality, that I scorned the idea of taking such an advantage of the

passion I had inspired, in, what I believed to be, a generous breast, as might, hereafter, cause unhappiness to himself, while it would embitter the peace of his parents.

Seriously, I have but a very confused idea of what virtue really is, or what it would be at. For my part, all the virtue I ever practised, or desired to learn, was such as my heart and conscience dictated. Faith is virtue, the methodists will tell you; and, for faith, you must pray morning, noon, and night; because, without faith, in a particular creed, your charity, and all your other good works, cannot save you from eternal torture!

Madam, said I, to an Irish dissenting minister's wife, one day; madam, not only there are certain things I do not believe; but, what is more, I have not even the

wish to enforce the faith of them on my mind.

Pray, then, that you may wish to believe.

But I do not wish to pray to wish.

Then there is no help in you; said the dissenting minister's wife.

Now the English Protestant ladies' virtue, is chastity! There are but two classes of women among them, She is a bad woman, the moment she has committed fornication, be she generous, charitable, just, clever, domestic, affectionate, and ever ready to sacrifice her own good, to serve and benefit those she loves, still her rank in society, is with the lowest hired prostitute. Each is indiscriminately avoided, and each is denominated the same,—bad woman, while all are virtuous who are chaste.

In vain do my conscience and common

sense point out to me, that virtue can alone consist in the sacrifice of selfish interests, and inclinations, to a sense of what is right, or an innate feeling of what is benevolent and good. The Protestant world will have it that all are virtuous who are chaste, even when chastity is to their liking, or when they are intirely destitute of affections or natural passion, or when they have vainly, though slily, offered a commodity for the use and pleasure of any man who might require it, or when a woman has married the husband of her choice, who studies all her wishes,—the selfish, hard-hearted, cruel mother, the treacherous friend, the unfeeling mistress,—all ! all ! are called virtuous who are supposed chaste.

In Turkey, female virtue consists, as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu tells us, in losing no time, and being ever zealously employed in the pious work of increasing and multiplying.

The soldier's virtue lies in murdering as many fellow-creatures as possible, at the command of any man, virtuous or vicious, who may happen to be his chief, no matter why or wherefore.

The French ladies' virtue is, generally speaking, all comprised, and summed up, in one single word and article,—bienséance.

Suppose we call it, ça—et la bienséance!

It is a most prolific monosyllable, that same ça; only some people call it differently. However, to proceed with my story, for this same virtue and its attributes, are puzzling me to death:—

Viscount Berwick, in a magnificent equipage, drawn by four milk white horses, or four of raven black, I forget which, led the way towards Brighton, followed by the more humble vehicles containing his

cook, his plate, his frying-pans, and other utensils. Soon afterwards, Julia and Sophia started in a neat little chariot, drawn by two scraggy black horses, parceque Mademoiselle Sophie vouloit faire paroitre les beaux restes de sa vertu chancelante. Lord Worcester, I sent down alone, that he might hire a house, and have every thing in readiness.

But, if I once join my regiment, I shall not be allowed to return, Worcester observed.

No matter, said I, my maid and myself, can find our way to Brighton, with perfect safety.

I can ride ten or fifteen miles to meet you, Worcester said, and, having made me promise again and again, that he might expect me, at a certain hour, on a certain day, he took his leave, and also set off for Brighton.

I have a great mind not to go, said I, to

myself, after Worcester had left me. However, my word was passed, and my maid had already begun to pack my trunks.

Pray do not go, said my wild, young tormentor, Augustus Berkeley, who came up stairs, without permission, just as we were ready to start. I have so sworn, to Worcester, that you were not to be had.

I laughed.

What do you laugh at? you tiresome creature, asked Augustus.

At your vanity, in supposing that none, but the most immaculate, could refuse you.

Why, I am a better looking fellow than Worcester, at all events, said Augustus.

True, I replied, but then you do not like me half as well.

All nonsense, nobody loves you better than I do, only I have the misfortune not to be a lord.

I have been, at least, as civil to you, as I ever was to the Marquis of Sligo, the Prince Esterhazy, and many others.

Well, said Augustus, however that may be, I will never forgive you, for going to Worcester.

It is a very hard case, I observed; but I cannot help it.

Augustus left me sulkily, and we were soon on our road to Brighton. I was just growing tired of my journey and of the society of my maid, who, probably, was as much bored with mine, since she had fallen fast asleep, when I observed the figure of an officer, or private, wearing some uniform, which looked, at a distance, like that of the tenth hussars, galloping towards us. As it approached, it grew a little more like the young marquis, and yet, some how or other, I could not reconcile it to my mind that he should wear regimentals. I had forgotten that circumstance,

and felt disappointed. A gentleman, always looks so much better in plain clothes. I was soon put out of suspense, by his kissing his hand to me.

Love is sharp sighted. In another minute or two, the Marquis of Worcester was blushing and bowing, by the side of my carriage. He told me that he had got a house for me, in Rock Gardens, where he had left his footman, Mr. Will Haught, to get all square, that being the man's favorite expression. The said Mr. Will Haught was a stiff, grave, steady person, of about forty. He always wore the Beaufort livery, which was as stiff as himself, and used to take his hat off, and sit in the hall, on a Sunday, with a clean pocket-handkerchief tied about his head, reading the Bible, offering thus, to the reflecting mind, these two excellent maxims: Respect God, but do not catch cold. I enter into all these particulars, by way of recom-

mending him to Alderman Goodbehere, I think it was, who promulgated similar sentiments about a cold church, though I have, from a sense of propriety, omitted his first expletive epithet.

This Mr. Will was commander-in-chief of Worcester's servants. He had indeed, been bred in the family, and was, I believe, the Duchess of Beaufort's footman, before his lordship was born, and, though he wore a livery, he had since been raised to the rank of under butler, by the Duke of Beaufort. Why he was dismissed from that most honourable post, to follow the fortunes of his noble young master, I cannot tell, unless indeed, her grace, touched, and deeply impressed by the pious and respectful manner in which Will Haught was in the habit of binding up his temples, on a Sunday, with his clean pocket-handkerchief, while reading the bible, had employed him as a spy, to watch over the

morals of her hopeful first-born. Be that as it may, we found Will quite as busy, in settling every thing for my comfort, as though I had been the duchess's chosen daughter-in-law, for whom he was making all square, upon the square, which means, I believe, in the way of honesty.

The coachman, Mr. Boniface, had also had the honor of driving the duchess, in auld long syne. We found him by no means so officiously polite and attentive as Mr. Will Haught: on the contrary, he was fast asleep, with his nice little vieille cour cotton wig all awry. We found a groom, in the Beaufort livery, at the door, waiting for his lordship's horse, which he handed over, by the bridle, to the under groom, and the under groom sent a soldier with it to the stable.

What a bore it will be, to have all these lazy porter-drinking men, in one's house, thought I, with very unmarchioness-like

humility: but then I never set up for any thing at all like a woman of rank.

Will Haught introduced my maid to a female servant, whom he had himself hired, and whom he desired to shew her mistress's apartments, to my woman. As to Lord Worcester, he was so excessively over-joyed at finding all his fears, and dread of losing me, at an end, that the moment he could contrive to get rid of Will Haught, he pressed my hand, first to his trembling lips, and next to his heart, and then he burst into tears! which, he, however, from very shame, dried up as soon as he possibly could, and, with the genuine feelings of affection and, hospitality, he asked me if, after the fatigue of my little journey, I should prefer passing the night alone?

And where are you to sleep? said I.

His lordship informed me, that he had a good bed, in his dressing room.

I then told him, that, if he would permit

me to pass this night alone, he would see me in excellent temper and spirits to-morrow. At present every thing is strange here, therefore, if I am a little melancholy, you must not, my dear Worcester, fancy it proceeds from want of regard for you.

It was impossible not to be reconciled to Worcester, while he thus acceded to all my wishes, reasonable, or unreasonable. A good lesson, this, for many a fool, who thinks to win a woman's heart by crossing all her desires.

An excellent dinner was well served, and, while we partook of it, his lordship informed me, that Lord Berwick, whom he always called Tweed, wished to have dined with us, accompanied by Sophia and Julia; but he had not ventured to invite them, without first ascertaining whether it would be agreeable to me.

Lord Worcester's fine person, looked

remarkably well, in the elegant evening uniform, of the tenth, and I was so touched and won, by being allowed to have my own way, with such perfect liberty, in the house of another person, that, when he handed me to the door of my bed chamber, and there took a most tender and affectionate leave of me, for the night, I was, almost tempted to regret, that I had expressed a desire to pass it in solitude.

It is a nice room, said I, and the fire burns cheerfully. Do you think there are any ghosts, in this part of the world?

Worcester, however, was too modest in his idolatry, and had too great a dread of giving offence to me, to take my hint.

He merely reminded me that he was close at hand; and I had but to touch my bell, to bring him, in an instant, to my side.

The next morning I was awakened by

Lord Berwick's odd voice, calling to Worcester:

I have brought you some prime apples, which came from my country-house this morning, and Sophia wants you both to dine with me to day: In short, she will not come unless you do.

I hurried on my dressing gown, and assured Lord Berwick that I should meet her with pleasure.

Lord Worcester said that he ought to be at parade; but declared, no matter what might be the consequence, that he could not and never would leave me again.

After breakfast, his two grooms rode up to the door with three horses: one of them was a delightfully, quiet-looking, lady's horse.

Who is to ride that one which is without a saddle? I enquired.

Worcester made Will Haught bring down from his dressing-room, one of the

most beautiful, easy side-saddles, I ever beheld, richly embroidered with blue silk.

Will you ride, Harriette? asked Worcester. If so, I hope you will approve of this saddle of my chusing, which shall always be kept in my dressing room, that no one may use it, for an instant, except yourself.

We took a very long ride, and were joined by my former acquaintance Colonel Palmer, who pressed me, very politely, to accompany Lord Worcester, to dine at the mess-room.

'Not to day, said I; certainly next week, with Worcester's permission.

Colonel Palmer fixed on an early day in the week, and kindly assured us, he would get the mess-dinner kept back, for an hour, knowing how fond Worcester was of late hours. He then ventured gently, to hint something about Colonel

Quintin's displeasure, at his having failed to attend parade that morning.

I shall scold you, continued the colonel, addressing me, if this happens again.

Worcester and I rode about the country together, till it was nearly time to dress: the under groom, who was waiting at my door, for my horse, held out his hand for my foot, to assist me in dismounting, while his master was taking leave of Colonel Palmer; and I was just going to accept his assistance, when Worcester, in much agitation, desired him to desist, and never attempt such presumption again.

I assured his lordship, that I should not like him a bit the better, for dirtying his hands, or his gloves, with my muddy shoes; but he was peremptory.

Lord Berwick treated us most magnificently; but Sophia, the gentle, dove-like Sophia, was become so very cross, and

irritable to his lordship, that it was disagreeable to every body present.

After dinner we played at cards; and, when we had concluded one of the most stupid evenings possible, Worcester and I took our leave.

The next morning, Lord Berwick called on me, to intreat that I would consider my sister's welfare, and persuade her to place herself under his protection.

The annuity I propose giving her, continued his lordship, of £.500, shall be derived from money in the funds.

And so you really are, at last, caught, my lord, said I, fairly caught in love's trap? Now I am rather curious to learn, what particular happiness you expect to enjoy, with a girl who, though she is my sister, I may say, as you and every body know it as well as myself, never shewed any character but once, in her whole life;

and that was in her unequivocal dislike of you?

I do not mind that, answered his lordship, and, by giving her whatever she wants, she may perhaps get over her dislike.

Is it her beauty then, which has won your heart?

In part, answered Berwick; but chiefly the opinion I have formed of her truth. I could never live with a woman, whom I must watch, and suspect. Now, I am disposed to believe implicitly, every word Sophia utters.

And with good reason, I interrupted him, for I am convinced that Sophia seldom, if ever, tells an untruth; and certainly there is something very candid, and fair in her unqualified acknowledgment of dislike towards you, since she is evidently fond of all the good things your

money can buy, and I think she particularly likes a good dinner.

And therefore, Lord Berwick resumed, as her friend, you ought to advise her to come to me.

I told his lordship that I really could not overcome my reluctance to interfere in such matters.

I want her to decide, said his persevering lordship, that I may give orders about buying the lease of a house for her, in town, and furnishing it.

In the evening, we all went into Lord Berwick's private box at the theatre, and were very merry, with the exception of his lordship, who sate down, quietly, at the very back of the box, where he could neither see nor hear. Sophia did not once take the slightest notice of him. For my part, I asked him, several times, if he would not exchange places with Lord Worcester; but he assured me that he dis-

liked seeing a play, more than sitting in the dark.

Sophia ought to chat with you then, since she chooses to favor you with her company.

Oh, I do not like to be talked to, said Lord Berwick.

Every morning of my life, I was entertained with his lordship's prosing about Sophia.

I do not think, said he, that Sophia will ever, willingly, deceive me; but then Lord Deerhurst, Colonel Berkeley, or somebody or other, might force her, perhaps!

On the morning of the day fixed on, for our dining at the mess-room, Lord Worcester received a severe reprimand, from Colonel Quintin, for neglecting the drill.

We sate down, at least thirty, at table, and I was the only lady in company. However, as I had my station near

Colonel Palmer, and was not presented to any strangers, I enjoyed the same sort of liberty as I might have done, at any table d'hote.

I was already acquainted with the present Duc de Guiche, and several other officers. A very fine young man who had joined, only a month previous, was present, and, I remember, that nobody said a single word to him; but I have entirely forgotten his name. I enquired his history, and was told that he was a man of good fortune, but of no family, as they denominate those who cannot boast recorded, ancient blood in their veins. However, instead of complaining to the Prince, or calling out the colonel, he put a good face on the thing, and always came into the mess-room, whistling. He was a very fine young man, and, while he carefully avoided any appearance of making up to his proud brother-officers, was ever ready

to prove, by his politeness in handing them salt, bread, wine, or whatever happened to be near him at table, that he was not sufficiently wounded by their cutting, to be sulky with them, neither was his appetite at all impaired by it. Of this fact, nobody in their senses could entertain the smallest doubt.

The Duke of Clarence's, and poor Mrs. Jordan's eldest son, Captain Fitzclarence, I remember had a forfeit, or a fine to pay, for coming to dinner in dirty boots, or something of that kind. He was indeed voted, by the whole mess, a very dirty fellow in his person, and one who, evidently, conceived himself so much the better than his brother officers, from being the bastard of the Duke of Clarence. Every body acknowledges him to be brave; but I certainly should take him to be about as heartless, as any man need be, in order to make his way in the world. He

had a trick, or two, which used to make the officers sick, and he ate so voraciously, that he well nigh bred a famine in the mess-room. On one occasion, poor Captain Roberts, who happened to come in later than Fitzclarence, got nothing but bubble-and squeak, in the dog-days.

Colonel Palmer scolded me very much indeed, about Worcester's missing parade, of a morning. I assured him that I had done, and would do all I possibly could to make him more attentive. The colonel declared that, if he again missed the drill, he feared Colonel Quintin would act in a way to disgust Lord Worcester with the army, altogether, and he should regret, much, his going out of the regiment.

As soon as we had left the mess-room, I told Worcester that he really must be at parade, by eight o'clock to-morrow.

Worcester again, promised, and again broke his word, for which he was imme-

diately put under arrest, and desired not to wear his sword.

By G—, if he vas de king's son, I vould put him honder arrest, exclaimed Quintin.

This was reported to Lord Worcester, who said it was the most vulgar and disgusting speech he had ever heard : adding, what has a king's son, or a duke's son, to do with the usual discipline observed towards lieutenants in the army ?

When Colonel Palmer came to condole with Worcester, his lordship was a good deal agitated and confused. I passed my word to the colonel, that, if he would get Worcester's sword restored to him, I would accompany him to drill, rather than he should miss it. The next morning, I actually accomplished being up, dressed, and on my road to the barracks, by half-past eight o'clock, accompanied by Worcester.

Will Haught, who was in a terrible bustle, on this occasion, asked, where is Miss Wilson to wait, during parade, my lord?

In my barrack-room, said the marquis.

Why, my lord, there is nothing at all in it, but a large trunk, and, you see, the room has never been put square like, and I should have wished to have got Miss Wilson a neat comfortable breakfast.

Well, do your best, said Worcester, as we drove off.

I found Lord Worcester's barrack-room in a dismal state. However, though it was quite impossible for Mr. Will Haught to make all square, yet he procured absolute necessaries for my breakfasting every morning, at the barracks. It was quite as much as we could possibly do, to get dressed in time for parade; and breakfast at home, was wholly out of the question.

Behold me, now, regularly attending parade, like a young recruit, dressed in a blue riding habit, and an embroidered jacket or spencer, worn over it, trimmed and finished after the fashion of our uniform, and a little grey fur stable-cap, with a gold band.

From the window of Worcester's barrack-room, I used to amuse myself reviewing our troops, but not after the fashion of Catharine of Russia. Serjeant Whitaker, teaching the sword exercise, used to amuse me the most. It began thus:

Tik nuttiss!! the wurd dror is oney a carshun. At t'wurd suards, ye drors um hout, tekin a farm un possitif grip o'th' hilt! sem time, throwing th' shith smartly backords thus! Dror!! Here the men, forgetful of the caution which had just been given them, began to draw. Steady there!! Never a finger or a high to move i' th' hed. Dror!! suards!!

This said Serjeant Whitaker was a highly respectable man, no doubt, only rather solemn-looking, or so; but that was all the better, perhaps, as it inspired more respect among his motley pupils.

I fancy it was the sight of Worcester and me together, so Darby and Joan-like, that first put the good soldier in mind of matrimony. He, certainly, did cast many a longing glance after us, as we used to drive out of the barrack-yard. One morning, in particular, he made a full stop, when close to us, and his lips moved, as though he had been about to address us, if Worcester's haughty glance had not frightened away his speech, and made him, on second thoughts, honor us with no more favors than a mere military salute.

There is something on Serjeant Whitaker's mind, said I, and Worcester laughed heartily at the idea.

We continued punctual at parade, for

more than a fortnight. Some of Worcester's friends generally joined us, on our way from the barracks, to which place I frequently rode on horseback, when the weather would permit.

Young Edward Fitzgerald, who is a cousin of the Duke of Leinster, on one occasion, gallopped after us, and addressed Worcester: What do you think? there is a d——d old gallipot-fellow, has been gossiping about you, and tells every body he meets, the story of your being put under arrest, and having yonr sword taken away from you, for making such a fool of yourself, about Harriette.

Worcester, reddening, with indignation, said, I must take the liberty of acquainting you, Fitzgerald, that the lady you call Harriette, I consider as my wife; and, when I assure you that you will wound and offend me, if ever you treat her with less respect than you would shew to the Mar-

chioness of Worcester, I am sure you will desist from the familiarity of calling her by her christian name.

Fitzgerald, goodnaturedly, assured him, he had spoken with his usual thoughtlessness.

Worcester now enquired who had been making so free with us.

Why that stupid old Doctor Tierney is the man, answered Fitzgerald.

Worcester said he should call on him, to desire he would hold his tongue,

And, interrupted Fitzgerald, confine his attention to his draughts and pills.

Worcester asked, what sort of a man Tierney was, and if, at all, like a gentleman.

Fitzgerald did not recollect to have seen him.

I assured them, I had known him of old, and that he attended me, when I lived on the Marine Parade. He was a pedantic,

disagreeable, affected fool, who visited his patients in leather breeches, and topped boots. He had formerly made sentimental love to my sister Amy, when she came over from France. She passed herself off, on the amorous doctor, comme une grande vertu, on purpose to laugh at him. As to his vulgar wife, she was ugly and unattractive enough to disgust a man, with the whole fair sex, since such unfair things formed part of it.

Lord Worcester, on that very day, I think, accompanied by the Duc de Guiche; but I am not certain whether it was his grace, or another officer of the tenth, paid his visit of ceremony, to Doctor Tierney. I cannot repeat the conversation which passed, but I know the substance of it was that Worcester requested that he would not make his actions the subject of conversation; but mind his own business, supposing he had

any to mind, and, if not, he had better advertise for it, instead of publishing anecdotes of persons, with whom he was not likely to have the slightest acquaintance.

The doctor, as Worcester and his friend both assured me, duly apologised for having indulged himself, in using the name of a marquis, in common with thousands of low minded people, who always love to talk of the great, and promised to do so no more.

Some time after this, I received a long letter from my sister Fanny, to acqaint me with the absence of Colonel Palmer, from Portsmouth, on particular business, and of her intention of passing a month with me, at Brighton: it being nearly five weeks, since she had become the mother of a lovely little girl, and her physician having recommended the bracing

air of Brighton, for the recovery of her strength.

This was delightful news to me, and put me in high spirits, as well as Julia, who loved Fanny better than ever she had before imagined it possible to love one of her own sex. Worcester also looked forward to Fanny's proposed visit, with much satisfaction, as he had always, he assured me, felt the affection of a brother towards her.

Fanny's arrival was a holiday for us all. Lord Berwick hoped much, from her extreme good nature, and obliging disposition. Sophia, between Julia, Fanny and myself, was the more certain of not being left tête à tête, with her night-mare, Lord Berwick, and Julia, whose very friendship partook of passion, shed tears of joy, when she pressed her friend to her heart. My affection was calm, for it was fixed,

and shall be eternal, if eternity is to be mine, with memory of the past.

Fanny declared we should all become good horse-women, before she left Brighton. She was, herself, a most beautiful rider. Accordingly, the morning after her arrival beheld a cavalcade about to start from my door, in Rock-gardens: it consisted of Lords Berwick and Worcester, Mr. Fitzgerald, two young dragoons, whose names I have forgotten, Julia, Fanny, Sophia, and me. Lord Berwick was too nervous to trust himself on horseback, except on very great and particular occasions. I found much amusement in tickling up my mare a little, as I rode it close to his horse, in order to put a little mettle into them both. It was rather wicked; his lordship declared he was not frightened for himself; but only for Sophia.

Lord Worcester took the opportunity, to give Sophia a few instructions about

holding her whip and bridle. Suddenly, when we were at least five miles from Brighton, Sophia quietly walked her horse towards home, leaving us to proceed without her.

What can be the matter with Sophia? we all enquired at once.

Fitzgerald feared he had said something to offend her.

Lord Worcester and Fanny galloped after her, to ascertain what was the matter, and how she expected to find her way home alone.

Oh nothing is the matter, said Sophia, very innocently, nothing whatever is the matter, only he will go this way, alluding to her horse.

Lord Worcester's natural politeness was not proof against this, and he laughed loudly, as he led Sophia's horse towards the rest.

The whole party dined at my house, and

Lord Worcester did the honors of the table, with infinite grace.

When the ladies withdrew from the room, they had a thousand questions to ask each other. Fanny took upon her to say to Sophia, that she conceived she was treating Lord Berwick very ill, in accepting so much from him, unless she meant to live with him.

Sophia began to cry, and I to laugh. Julia shewed us some very romantic love-letters, from Napier, whom she shortly proposed joining, in Leicestershire.

Sophia, at Fanny's persuasion, now began to waver.

Come, said Fanny, what does it signify to you, whether your lover is old or young, handsome or ugly, provided, he gives you plenty of fine things; since you know you are the coldest girl, in all England, and never felt a sensation in your life?

What do you call a sensation? Sophia asked.

Why, said Fanny, I know you feel exactly the same in the society of men, as in that of women.

How do you know? continued Sophia.

Well then I do not know, said Fanny; so I beg you will tell us, and describe to us accurately, any symptoms you may have felt, bordering on passion or love: the latter sounds most amiable.

Why once, said Sophia, laughing.

Once what? Julia interposed.

Come, said I, drawing my chair towards the fire, let us hear all about your once.

Well then, resumed Sophia, well then; but you will all promise not to tell?

Nonsense; who should we tell?

Well then, you all recollect the handsome young cobler, who lived in Chapel-street,——

The cobler!! we both exclaimed, laughing.

Yes, you may recollect, I used to get my shoes made by him.

Well?

Well. I used to think the cobler very handsome. Ah, you may laugh all of you; but there is no answering for one's taste, you know. In short I was incessantly calling on him with some excuse or another, such as asking how my shoes went on? or when they would be finished? and, when they were sent home, I used to carry my old ones to him, to ask if they were worth mending. One evening, when it was nearly dark, he ventured to press my hand, as he handed me my shoes. This I believe was done in trepidation; but I felt it very pleasant. Finding that I did not resent this first liberty, he began to kiss me, and I was so ashamed, I knew not what to say or how to push him away.

What next? cried we all three, eagerly drawing all our chairs nearer to her, and laughing.

Why, said Sophia, blushing and hesitating, why, oh, but the next thing was very nasty indeed!

What thing do you mean?

Why, a very shocking one.

How do you mean shocking?

Come, out with it, said Julia.

Out with it, indeed; Sophia repeated, with a deep blush.

Good heavens! surely he did not, you do not mean to say that the cobler actually did.....?

Upon my word he did..... answered Sophia.

And was it on this memorable occasion, and this only, that you boast of having felt a sensation? I enquired.

Why, I never felt so oddly before.

Mercy on me, and what did you do? asked Julia.

Oh, I was running out of the shop with my face and neck as red as scarlet; for you know I was scarcely thirteen years of age.

And what prevented you?

Why the cobler; who took hold of my hand, and told me I had no call to be afraid of touching on him, for he was quite clean.

We could scarcely ask her what happened next? being absolutely convulsed with laughter.

Oh, nothing else, answered Sophia; for I got away as fast as I could; but then it was more than a week before I could get the cobler out of my head: however it really will be a great shame if you mention this to Lord Berwick.

Fanny declared she would not miss

hinting it, delicately, to his lordship, for an hundred louis d'ors.

The gentlemen soon after came up stairs. However all Fanny could relate publicly, was, that Sophia, in her earliest youth, had had une affaire du cœur, with a cobler, and Lord Berwick declared he would never rest till he had heard all about it. Before the evening was over, his lordship was led to hope, from what Sophia said, that, if he were to furnish an elegant house, she might, probably, be induced to inhabit it, with his lordship, sooner or later.

Some few days after this important business was decided, and Lord Berwick had written to his agent in town, to engage a comfortable residence, in some airy situation, as Lord Worcester and I were returning home, from our ride, we met the brave Serjeant Whitaker, who, this time, was not to be brow-beaten from his purpose, by Worcester's proud salute.

My lord, said he, coming up close to Lord Worcester's horse, and touching his cap, my lord, if you please, I wants to be married.

What the devil is that to me? Worcester observed.

Why, my lord, continued the serjeant, looking sheepish, you see, if you would just mention it to Colonel Quintin?

Very well, said Worcester, provided it is my business, which is what, I confess, I was not aware of.

Yes, my lord, it is your business, I assure you, or I should not have gone for to take this here liberty.

That is enough, said Worcester, and we rode on.

The Duc de Guiche, and Fitzgerald joined us, and, while we were conversing together, the young cornet galloped past us: I allude to the one who had been universally cut, ever since he joined,

merely, I believe, because no one knew him, and all were certain that his birth was rather mechanical. The young man rode a very fine horse, and appeared to manage him with tact and spirit. I think his name was Eversfield, or something a good deal like it.

What a beautiful horse that lad is riding! said the Duc de Guiche! I wish I knew whether he would like to sell it, and what he would ask for it?

I have a great mind to gallop after him, and enquire, observed young Fitzgerald.

Pray do not, said Lord Worcester, as he will certainly be offended. It will indeed be much too cool a thing to do, to a stranger, to whom none of us have yet spoken.

Oh, never mind, said young Fitzgerald, he is a good-natured fellow, I dare say. I spoke to him yesterday, to enquire who made his tilbury: and off he galloped after

Mr. Eversfield, who, in less than a fortnight, from this time, became on excellent terms with them all: which proves that, with perfect evenness of temper, and good-nature combined, a man of high independent spirit cannot fail to gain the good will of every body around him.

In about a month or six weeks, Lord Berwick had fitted up a very nice, comfortable house, for Sophia, in Montague-square, and Sophia, after obtaining his lordship's promise that she should sleep alone, at least for the first week or two, accompanied his lordship to London.

A few days after their departure, Worcester was again addressed, by the amorous Serjeant: my lord, respecting my little private affair. I should be much obliged to your lordship, if you would be so good as for to take it in hand.

Certainly, said Worcester, galloping off,

to avoid laughing out loud, in the man's face.

Meeting Colonel Quintin, on our way home, Worcester, to get the serjeant's little affair off his mind, rode up to him, and, after saluting him, he, in some confusion, mentioned that Serjeant Whitaker wanted to be married, very bad, provided, the colonel should not object to it.

Yow moste inquire de caracter of de yong voman, said Quintin, shrugging up his shoulders.

I, sir ! ! exclaimed Lord Worcester, in evident surprise, which proved his ignorance of military duties.

Yez, my lord, continued Quintin, I sall troble yow to make de moste strict inquiry about de yong voman ; and partiguler, vor her morals.

Worcester bowed, and rode towards home.

It is impossible to do justice to all the

delicate attentions, I received from Lord Worcester, during nearly three years. They never relaxed; but continued, to the hour of our parting, exactly as they had begun. One day, when I was obliged to have a back double-tooth drawn, he turned as pale as death, being absolutely sick, with fright: and long afterwards, he always wore the tooth round his neck. If, for only ten minutes, he lost sight of me, by my walking or riding on, a little faster than himself, he was in such agonies, that, as I returned, I was addressed, continually, by private soldiers of the tenth, who assured me, my lord was running after me, all over the country, in much alarm: and, when, at last, he overtook me, his heart was beating in such evident alarm, as was, even to me, who had been tolerably romantic, in my time, almost incredible! He flatly refused every invitation he received, either to dinner parties, balls or

routs, and, for more than six months, he had not once dined away from me. His uncle, Lord Charles Somerset, who, I believe, then commanded the district, was growing very angry, and threatened to inform his brother, the Duke of Beaufort, as he feared we were really married. It was, as Lord Charles said, ridiculous, in a man, of Worcester's high rank, to seclude himself, quite like a hermit. At all events, continued the worthy uncle, I hope you will not fail to be here, on my birth day, next week. Lord Worcester promised to make an effort, for the birth-day, while he frankly told Lord Charles, that he should be always miserable, in any society, without me.

When Worcester returned home, and related the conversation, to me, I begged, and intreated him to comply with his uncle's desires, as to his birth-day, at least.

My dearest Harriette, said Worcester, having bound myself to you, for my life, for better or worse, and with my eyes open, I feel that we two, make but one, in our faults, and I hate to go, to any place, where you may not accompany me. I assured him that I had no desire to be invited; because I had no longer health to enjoy society; and, in short, I would not rest till I had obtained his promise that he would attend his uncle's engagement.

When the day arrived, Worcester said, he could not endure my dining alone, with that stiff Will Haught, who would not know how to serve me with what I liked, standing behind my chair.

Well then you shall give me my dinner first, I replied.

For this purpose, I dined earlier than usual. As soon as I had finished my dinner, I gave him a gentle hint.

You have no time to lose. Your pretty

new yellow boots, with the rest of your magnificent, full dress-regimentals, Will Haught has spread out, to great advantage, in your dressing-room, et vous serez tout rayonnant ! !

And why am I to be dressed up, there, while the person for whom alone, I exist, or wish to live an hour, is left in solitude ? Why am I to be a slave to Charles Somerset ? I will not go, let the consequence be what it may, said Worcester.

Worcester's carriage now drove up to the door.

My lord, you have not a minute to lose, eagerly spoke Will Haught.

Put up the carriage, and bring me some cold beef, answered his lordship.

What will you say to your uncle ? I asked.

He be hanged ! was the reply.

At past ten o'clock, Lord Charles sent down a groom, on horseback, to enquire

for Worcester, and state that the ladies waited for him, to take his part in the quadrilles, which he had studied, for that night.

Worcester ran up, into his bed-room, and called out, from the window, after putting on his night-cap, that he was ill, and in bed, and desired he might not, again be disturbed, at so late an hour.

It would be tedious to attempt relating all, or even one twentieth part, of the tender proofs of love and affection, which Worcester was in the daily, I may say, hourly habit of evincing towards me. His lordship has often watched my sleep, in the cold, for half, nay sometimes, during the whole of the night, sitting by my bed-side, rather than risking to disturb me, by coming into it. On an occasion, when I was induced to consult a medical man, about a trifling indisposition, which was not, in the least, alarming, Lord Worces-

ter wrote the doctor, a most romantic letter, inclosing a fifty pound-note, and declaring that his obligation to him, would be eternal, if he could contrive to be of the slightest use to me. He would send fur-shoes and fur-cloaks after me, in hot dry weather; because, one could never be certain that it would not rain before my return. He took upon him, all the care of the house, ordering dinner, &c. from having once happened to hear me say, that I did not like to know, before hand, what I was to eat; and always used to lace my stays himself, and get out of bed to make my toast, for breakfast, with his own hands, believing I should fancy it nicer and cleaner, if the footman had not touched it.

When the Prince Regent, who then commanded the regiment, came down to the Pavilion, Worcester was in despair; for he saw no possible means to avoid visiting his royal highness. The dinner,

which was given expressly for the officers of the tenth hussars, he was obliged to to attend. On that occasion, which was the first of his passing an evening from home, after giving me my dinner, he sighed over me, when he took leave, as though it had been to go to the Antipodes.

Lord Worcester's rapture, on his return, knew no bounds. My dear Harriette, said his lordship, the Prince's band, at the Pavilion, was so very beautiful, that it would have been impossible for me, who love music to excess, not to have enjoyed it; therefore, as I abhor the idea of enjoying any thing, on earth, of which you cannot partake, with me, I went into a corner, where I was not observed, to stop my ears, and think only of you. I must now tell you, that the Prince has given me a general invitation, to go to him every evening, and I have settled my plan, to avoid

it. I intend to sham lame, and practice it at home, till I can limp, very decently, and naturally, and then, I will wait upon his royal highness and tell him that I have a sprain, which keeps me in constant pain, and confines me to the house.

Worcester began to practice, on the spot, and, being, in all things, a most excellent mimic, particularly when he took off Lord Charles Somerset, or his lordship's brother, whom he always called Cherry-ripe John, why, I know not; for the man is as pale as a ghost.

On the following day, Worcester limped famously, although he had, nearly, betrayed himself, by finding the proper use of his legs, from very ennui, when he was, for the third time, addressed by Serjeant Whitaker, on the Steyne, respecting of his little private consarn.

How am I to enquire the character of of your sweetheart, for God's sake? Wor-

cester asked the serjeant, with much ill-humour.

Why, my lord, answered the man, you will please to enquire of Dr. Tierney, as she has been living in his family, as cook, my lord.

Lord Worcester, immediately, paid a visit to the doctor, from whom he learned that the young woman was clean, honest and trust-worthy.

Sir, said Lord Worcester, as soon as he could find Colonel Quintin, I have enquired the character of the young woman, and she is very good, sir.

Good? for what, pray? asked the colonel, forgetting all about Serjeant Whitaker's little private consarn.

Oh, sir, continued Worcester, almost ready to laugh, yet, in some confusion, she is good, sir, I believe, for every thing; at least, Doctor Tierney says she is a very steady, clean woman.

And vat sal I do vid dis clean voman, vat you talk to me about? asked the colonel, impatiently.

Oh, sir, you are not to do any thing with her; only you desired me to enquire the character of the young woman, Serjeant Whitaker wishes to marry.

Ah true—reight—vel—veri vel, I have no objecshuns, only tell him he is von grate fool to his pains.

Away gallopped Worcester, quite delighted to get rid of the serjeant's little private consarn.

My lord, I wants, very bad, to be married, said Serjeant Whitaker, once more, a few days after Worcester had obtained the colonel's permission.

Colonel Quintin has no objection, answered Worcester, and the serjeant, respectfully, begged leave to return his lordship ten thousand thanks.

But the colonel says you are a great fool, for your pains, added Worcester.

That is no odds, my lord, replied Whitaker, as he saluted Lord Worcester, and then hastened back to his fair one, in order to acquaint her that his little private affair was arranged, and just as it should be.

On s'ennui de tout! In the course of time, I grew tired of this tête-à-tête, particularly as Worcester shewed symptoms of sulky displeasure, whenever any of the officers wanted to join us in our rides. On two occasions, he was furious! Once was, when Colonel Palmer kindly assisted me, off my horse; another, when he learned that I had sent a little note to that gentleman, about borrowing a book, or some such trifle. Finding that this circumstance weighed on his mind, in spite of all I

could say or do, I dispatched a second note to this effect:

Dear Colonel Palmer,

I believe you have a real friendship for Worcester, who has taken it into his wise head, to make himself perfectly miserable, about the forlorn note I wrote to you. Candour, I conceive to be the best cure for jealousy; so do pray come to us this evening, and shew Worcester my two notes.

Your's, dear sir, very truly,

H. W.

Down came Colonel Palmer, trotting on a little ugly pony, his laced jacket covered with an old, short, brown, great coat, and a shabby, round hat, while the rain was dripping down his face.

My dear fellow, said the colonel, I would not, for worlds, spoil your comfort.

I have loved, myself, and know what jealousy is. I shall be wretched, if——

And he bustled about, to search for my notes, while his nose was so red, and the worthy man looked altogether, so consolingly ugly, so like a disguised second-rate harlequin, with the silver lace, occasionally glittering, as one caught a glimpse of it, under his little, old,brown coat, and then such a thing on his head, doing duty for a hat!

Worcester burst out a laughing, in the midst of the colonel's most energetic defence.

I beg your pardon, Colonel Palmer, upon my honor, I do; but you really look so very eager, and so very odd and serious, in that little, tight, old coat, and hat, that, for the life of me, I cannot help laughing.

Palmer, however, continued, as energetic, as ever, till he had received Wor-

cester's assurance, upon his honor and soul, that he was quite satisfied.

Then do come and ride with us, Colonel Palmer, to-morrow, said I, since Worcester is satisfied that you have no designs against his happiness; for, really, we have had such a long tête-à-tête, we have not a word more to say to each other.

Worcester still declared that his confidence, in us both, had never been shaken, only he was melancholy to think I grew tired of our tête-à-têtes, while, for his part, he never desired, nor conceived any more perfect happiness than passing every hour, in the day, alone, with me.

In spite of my gratitude, which he yet believes in, because I proved it, not only in words, but by all my actions, yet I did want a little varied society, that I might not fall into a lethargy; so, when Fanny went to join Colonel Parker, in town, I begged hard for, and at last, obtained a

week's permission of absence, from one, who could refuse me nothing.

You shall go, at all events, and I know I can confide in your honor, said Lord Worcester; but I will not despair of obtaining leave from the colonel, to accompany you.

The better to effect his purpose, he went to Quintin, with a box of cigars, under his arm. Quintin accepted the cigars, with perfect good will; but, in answer to his lordship's next request, for leave to pass a week in town, the answer was,—

No! no! my lord, you must drill.

Worcester had a great mind to have asked him to return the cigars. Nevertheless, he kept his promise of permitting me to accompany my sister Fanny to London.

We found Sophia established in a nice house, in Montague-square, which Lord Berwick, or rather his upholsterer, had furnished with much taste.

Nous lui demandâmes si elle fesoit, encore, lit à part ?

Elle repondait que non.

And what sort of a man is Lord Berwick ?

Oh, he is a very violent man, indeed.

Sophia insisted on Fanny remaining her visitor, for a week, which invitation, as Parker had no fixed residence in town, she gladly accepted. Sophia had at her command, a very handsome equipage, in which we all three drove out, on the day after my arrival.

We called on sister Paragon, whom we found greatly agitated.

What is the matter ? we both asked at once.

Oh, said Paragon, do you hear the screams of that infant ?

Yes, how shocking ! It is not one of your's, however, said I, as I counted her pretty little family, who, as usual, were all seated, close to her side.

They proceed from my landlady's child, whose mother insists I have half killed it, and that it never was in such pain before. In short, she declares she apprehends a convulsion fit.

Why, what can you have done to the poor child? Fanny enquired.

I merely administered one of Inglish's excellent aperient Scott's Pills, to the dear infant, Paragon replied, calmly.

This perfectly accounts for all these cries, Fanny observed, and further declared, that she had herself been put in perfect torture, by the only one she had ever swallowed.

Do you presume to judge of Inglish's Aperient, who have swallowed but one? said Paragon, with dignified contempt; why it requires at least fifty boxes of it to pass downwards, before you can properly decide on the merits of this invaluable medicine! In the mean time, the bowels

must be severely pinched into obedience. Every thing depends on the force of habit. Now there is my little Mary, for instance, the dear little child has become so accustomed to a pain in her bowels, that, if, by any accident, I put her to bed without a Scotchman, she always awakes in low spirits.

Nevertheless, you must excuse my ever swallowing another, to the end of my natural life, said Fanny.

Paragon advised her to make her will, assuring her that she would answer for the life of no person, who had not learned, by habit, to digest a Scotchman. Read what King Charles said of them, continued Paragon; but Fanny declared, that not even King George himself, with the opinions of all the Spartans, and philosophers to boot, should make her believe that pain was no evil, however people might be accustomed to it.

From Paragon's we drove to Julia's. She told us that she had made Lord Berwick pay her down several hundred pounds, in ready money, for having interceded with Sophia, and persuaded her to live with him.

Well, said I, sighing, you have a large family, and, I suppose, it is what we must all come to. However, I conceive myself, as yet, rather too young to take up this new profession of your's, Julia.

Julia defended her conduct, by assuring me she had not taken it up, but for my sister's real interest: as a proof of which, she declared that she had strong reason to believe it was Lord Berwick's intention to marry Sophia.

Sophia said she would not have him.

And why, pray? we asked.

Because, said Sophia, because—— I think it will be very shocking to swear never to have but one man.

I observed to Sophia, that, perhaps, she would swear faith to her cobler, by that sole, in which consists a cobler's sole hope, much more willingly.

Oh, said Sophia, I am very sorry I told you of my affair with the cobler.

Of his affair, you mean ? I remarked.

Nonsense, continued Sophia; I shall never hear the last of it, as long as I live: for Julia has not only acquainted Lord Berwick, but she has made it out worse.

I do not know how she could manage that, said Fanny.

We all dined in Montague-square. Lord Berwick appeared to be perfectly happy, although he scarcely ever opened his lips; but the little he did say, was chiefly on the subject of cuckolds, and cuckolding. His lordship was horn-mad. He wondered how many men had been cuckolded that season, in London, without knowing it? He wondered if a girl, like

Sophia, was to be forced into the sin of adultery, some day, by some naughty man, whether she would bury the sad story in her own breast.

I assured him I neither knew nor cared.

After having been dumb, for, at least, a quarter of an hour, Lord Berwick, à propos to nothing, burst into a loud laugh.

What, on earth, are you laughing at, Lord Berwick? Sophia asked, very crossly.

My own thoughts, answered his lordship.

And what were they, pray? I enquired.

Only something that happened to come across me, said his lordship.

We all insisted on knowing what had come across him.

Why, said Lord Berwick, I was just c nsidering, to myself, what a remarkably serious face Joseph always has, in the pictures, a sort of unhappy physiognomy,

as if he were saying to himself, it is all very well! but for his part, he did not particularly like the Holy Ghost. Have you ever remarked this, Miss Wilson? said his lordship.

Heavens forbid! why do you address yourself to me? I asked.

Joseph's looks, continued Lord Berwick, without attending to my pious answer, Joseph looks as if it was all mighty fine, in its way; but that, nevertheless, the Holy Ghost, surnamed the Comforter, had spoiled all his fun.

How wicked! said Fanny, trying to give a serious expression to her arch laughing blue eye.

Horrible! said Julia, drawing up her long, thin throat.

For my own part, I laughed loudly, and unequivocally; for which impious sin, I hope I did, for I know I ought to have fasted long, and prayed longer still: but

Lord Berwick had such a ridiculous way of saying these sort of things ! !

What has become of Lord Deerhurst's valuable jewels ? said I to Sophia, by way of changing this shocking conversation.

Oh, dear me, I entirely forgot my jewels.

Lord Berwick earnestly intreated to have a sight of them, and was greatly amused at the charming proof of simplicity, his beloved had evinced, in mistaking such leaden trumpery, for valuable trinkets. Sophia begged to be allowed to return them to Lord Deerhurst, with a polite note, and, Lord Berwick having presented her with writing materials, she wrote as follows:

Sophia presents her compliments to Viscount Deerhurst. Has the honor of returning him his valuable jewels, with due thanks, and all the gratitude that he has a right to expect from her.

Montague Square.

The jewels aud letter were sealed up, and dispatched to the noble viscount, on that very evening.

After dinner, his lordship's discourse turned on marriage: the pith, meaning, and spirit of which, was to shew cause why Sophia ought to become Lady Berwick. He could never rest, till he had made the excellent, deserving Sophia, his lawful wife.

Sophia again declared she would not have him; but, before I left the house, she was graciously pleased to say that she would give the subject due consideration.

You need not be afraid of it, my love, it is very clean, said Lord Berwick, to Sophia, observing that she examined her coffee-cup, with some little suspicion. Of course, his lordship alluded to the cobler's affair.

This house is so beautifully fitted up,

even to the very attics, that it would be quite a pity to leave it, said Fanny.

It cannot be helped, replied Lord Berwick, we must sell it; for, of course, Lady Berwick must inhabit my family-house, in Grosvenor-square.

Sophia began to cry again.

Oh, do not be so terribly alarmed, Miss, Fanny remarked, for, I believe, Lord Berwick is only joking; he would scarcely place at the head of his house and table, a girl, who had, of her own free will and consent, kept company with a cobler.

Oh, but then you know, Sophia, the cobler, and every thing belonging to him, was very clean, I observed.

Sophia declared we were all a set of nasty things, and, snatching up her taper, she retired to her dressing-room, in a pet.

The next morning, I received a very long letter, from Lord Worcester. He

acquainted me, after three pages, full of deep regret at my absence, that his virtue had been in the most imminent danger, from the very active attempts of the paymaster's wife, of the tenth.

The story was this: the paymaster was a man of very savage temper. On the day I left Brighton, Lord Worcester happened to join him, on horseback, when he was riding with his young, frisky wife. Worcester, with his usual good breeding, had addressed himself, several times, to the lady, who, in return, it appears, had ogled Lord Worcester, unperceived by any body in the world, except her good man, who had the impertinence to grow angry: when, being at a loss how to resent his fury, on the spot, he tickled his wife's mare behind, in a way which, he knew well, would cause her to rear and plunge The animal, so far from disappointing his hopes, we will, out of charity, suppose,

rather exceeded them; since, but for the immediate protection and active support of Lord Worcester, at some risk to himself, the paymaster's wife would have been thrown over the cliff.

Lord Worcester, as a mere man, putting gallantry out of the question, could not have done less than afford every assistance to a young woman, under circumstances of such imminent danger. This fair lady, however, made up her mind that she had achieved a desperate conquest over the heart of the young marquis.

The better to secure her prize, she, on her return home, composed a very pretty, little, pathetic effusion, beginning somewhat thus:

Could I, dear Lord Worcester, receive your tender kind attentions, without emotion? The soldier, who is to put this note into your hand, you will find trust-worthy.

At dusk, we may contrive to meet, just behind the barracks, any day when my husband is dining at the mess, &c.

Lord Worcester was so very inattentive, as to take no notice of this broad hint, from the paymaster's wife, who repeated it, in still broader terms, the following day; declaring that she would throw herself on his honour and humanity, to allow her to meet him, on his way home from the barracks, just behind a certain hill, as soon as it was dark, merely to advise her how to escape the much-dreaded violence of her husband.

Lord Worcester must inevitably pass the appointed spot, on his way home, from the barracks, he therefore determined to take that opportunity of informing her, once for all, that he was steadily attached to me, and me only, for the rest of his life: but he was ill prepared for the des-

perate attack, which was, on that evening, to be made on his passions, and his virtue. His lordship, after having fully explained his feelings and situation, to the paymaster's wife, naturally relied on her pride, for obtaining his immediate congé, but he knew not what he had to deal with. The mother of this said, most amorously disposed, paymaster's wife, had seduced the accoucheur, while in the very act of bringing this fair young lady into the world. For this wicked act, the poor accoucheur had, it is said, paid damages, and, further, the injured husband had confined his frail moitié, in a mad-house ever since.

Many people have expressed their surprise at his present majesty having knighted this said cruel husband, the reputed father of Worcester's heroine; but the king conferred this dignity on him, at least three hours after he had dined; which may, in some measure, account for it. Not

that I mean, positively, to assert that the king was drunk, though I am as likely to write my real thoughts of the king, as of any other man, leaving it to the learned in the law, to determine whether we can be obliged to waive all frankness, with regard to our king.

The fact, however, is, I happen to love my king, and I always did so; and, when, as Prince of Wales, we might all say what we thought of his royal highness, there is no man existing, nor woman neither, who can accuse me of ever having once said the contrary. I do not mean to say that I could not put down a long list of his faults; but I think the good predominates, and, I am a steady, faithful subject of his majesty.

Worcester's fair heroine, who first saw the light in such an amorous moment, had been desperate, all her life, and might have said, with Smith, the haberdasher,

that it was the worst of her, she had never been able to keep her hands off a fine young man.

Oh, dear Worcester, do not say we are to part thus, never to meet again! I have never loved till now! Do kiss me! Pray do!

Since you, really do love me, said Worcester, I am bound, by gratitude, to prove my esteem for you, by insisting on your return home, to your husband.

The heroine became still more demonstrative of her love! It occurred to Worcester, by this time, that there was a plot, in all this, to obtain heavy damages from him; and that idea, added to the strong affection he, certainly, then entertained, for me, made him ice itself, and he left the young lady, near her door, to sing willow! willow! willow!

It was a great bore, but there were finer young men, in her husband's regiment,

than Worcester, and so, rather than die of grief, the lady tried them all!

She has actually gone through the regiment, said Fitzclarence, one day: but little Fitzgerald said, the very reverse was the case, for the regiment had * * * *

No matter. She certainly sighed for Worcester, during more than six weeks after my return; but, of this, more by-and-bye.

After relating this story, Lord Worcester went on to abuse his uncle, Lord Charles Somerset, for his malice in having written to his Grace of Beaufort, on the subject of our connection, in a way to alarm him excessively. Worcester, in consequence, received very severe letters, both from his father, and mother, insisting on his immediately leaving me, unprovided for, and without the smallest ceremony. These harsh, unfeeling letters excited in Worcester, a spirit of defiance, such as

mild remonstrance never could have produced. He repeated his solemn assurances to me, that no power on earth, not even my inconstancy, could destroy his everlasting attachment, or induce him, however it must destroy his repose, to leave me. He deeply regretted his not being of age, that he might immediately make me his wife, and then nought could separate us, save death. He reminded me that the period of his becoming of age was not very far distant, and, in the meantime, if they pressed him, our marriage was not impossible. He begged his most affectionate regards to his sisters, Fanny and Sophia, and implored me, unless I would, for ever, destroy his happiness, on earth, to promise to become his wife, and remain with him for ever, &c.

I immediately answered Lord Worcester, begging him not to irritate his parents,

unnecessarily. I did not touch on the subject of our marriage; but desired him to rest satisfied with my faith, and that I would never, willingly, cause him a moment's pain, while I had reason to believe in his affection.

In conclusion, I informed him, that he might expect me, at Brighton, without fail, in three days, from the date of my letter.

Amelia was now living very near my house, in town, and, as I really wanted to see the handsome, young Campbell, I availed myself of her invitation, to a small party, before I left town. I ventured to return home, from her house, at about eleven o'clock at night, alone, because the distance was very trifling; but the moment I had left my sister's door, I observed a tall, dark, and somewhat, as I thought, wild-looking, young

man, following me. I felt unusually alarmed, and, trusting to the lightness of my heels, I began to run, as fast as I possibly could. The man kept up to me, by running also. I had not felt so frightened for some years, and dared not look back, till, absolutely breathless, and ready to sink on the steps, I knocked loudly at my own door.

The man who was close behind me, had never once opened his lips. His dress was respectable, and his features were rather handsome. He had an immense quantity of curly, wild, black hair, which fell remarkably low about his eyes and throat. His countenance was very dark, and as pale as death. It was impossible to observe the expressive singularity of his eyes, without terror: they seemed to look straight forwards, at something, beyond what others could see. It struck me that he possessed supernatural quick-

ness of sight, while, at the same time, he appeared blind to the objects, immediately surrrounding him. When I first observed him, he stood beneath a bright lamp, and I shall never forget the impression his countenance made on me. I had no man-servant in town: my femme de chambre was the only human being, I had left in the house.

No sooner was the door opened, than I was closely followed by this horrible man, who closed it after him, without having spoken a single word. I apprehended that he might be a robber, who proposed cutting my throat, on my very first attempt to give alarm, or call for assistance.

I am a notorious coward, while looking forward to any danger; but I will do myself this justice, that, whenever it is, or appears, actually, before me, and past all remedy, except such as I have to hope

from my own exertions or presence of mind, I then become armed with such a decided character of courage, as would not disgrace my friend Wellington himself.

When my dumb tormentor had forced himself into my house, and banged-to the street-dooor, my nerves became all braced by desperation, and my ideas were clear and collected. If I am to die, God forgive all my faults, said I, mentally: but I will live on, if I can: and I fixed my eyes, for an instant on the man of terror, to try to read his designs. The odd, quick, black eye, fixed on nothing but air, however, left me doubtful. One thing, only I had decided upon, from the very first moment, that, to accomplish an intrigue, was not his object in following me. He did not attempt to pass up stairs without me, but stood, waiting my decision, with his back leaning against my

street-door. He is either a maniac, escaped from confinement, or a robber, thought I, and, in either character, I take it for granted, he conceals a sharp knife or dagger about him. If a robber, he will stab me, if I make a noise, or desire my maid, to call for help. Madmen, on the other hand, are generally cowards to those, who act with firm courage.

Now to decide, thought I, fixing my eyes on the man, once more. It must end in a guess after all. This glance took in the man's whole person, as well as his face. The latter appeared to be of wonderful muscular strength; but his bones were well covered with fat, which methought did not look much as though he had been leading the vagabond life of a house-breaker. His clothes were good, and seemed to have been fairly worn. From his person, I once more raised my

eyes to his face. The cunning fearful expression of those wild black orbs, decided me—he is a madman, and about to strangle me: and my only chance is in affecting to be one of his keepers.

Follow me, Sir! said I, fiercely.

The man followed slowly, and meekly, into the drawing room, where he stationed himself near the fire place, with an air of indecision, nor once attempted to approach me.

The gentlemen who are here to attend on you, will be down stairs in half a second, said I, seating myself quietly near him, and taking up a book, as if, God help me, I could distinguish a line of it.

Then I addressed him in a whisper, they are coming; you have, perhaps, yet time if you wish to escape them; the street-door is unbarred; but you have not a second to lose, they are going to put on the chain. The man, without having

uttered a single word, darted furiously down stairs, and, when I heard the street door slammed with violence, after him, joy, or I know not what, overcame me, and I fainted.

This adventure hastened my departure, for Brighton, where I arrived a day sooner than the one, on which I had led Lord Worcester to expect me. Worlds could not have tempted either me, or my femme de chambre, to have passed another night alone, in that house. Lord Worcester was overjoyed, beyond description, at my unexpected return. He would not enter into my idea, as to the man who had frightened me away from London, being mad.

Why then, was he so awfully dumb? I asked, and why did he not approach me?

Worcester declared, if he could once find him, he would make him speak, and

holloa too; but this, from the muscular strength of the stranger, I much doubted. However there was little probability of his lordship's discovering, who or what the man was; and, in a few days the subject was not spoken of, though, for years, I remembered it, with feelings of horror.

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